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Original Poetry.

SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

IT IS WELL.

'Tis not the grip of the iron band,
That makes the prisoner's pain;
But the struggle long with weary hand
To wrench away the chain.
'Tis not the lack of vital air
For which so many have died,
But the bitter thought that a wall was there
And the outer world so wide.
And Heaven, the merciful, gives us not
The heaviest griefs we tell,—
No man bears ever a hopeless lot,
Who sayeth, It is Well.

Oh, trusting thought of a steadfast soul,
Be mine when sorrows fall;
And though the darkest waves may roll,
They cannot whelm me all.
Be with me when afflictions light
Of my chastening Father speak;
Be with me when my bloom is blight,
And the death-shade covers my cheek.
Let me ever think against whose law
My spirit would rebel,
And follow the lines his hand may draw,
Still saying, It is Well.

LOVE'S VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

By those dark orbs whose radiant brightness
Gleameth like stars from midnight skies,
By that loved form of fairy lightness,
Angelic seeming to mine eyes,
Which more than all of earth I prize,
I love but thee!

By that fair brow whose arch encloses
High thought and fancy bright and pure,
By that soft cheek where Love reposes
In blushing dimples all secure,
Lying in wait young hearts to lure,
I love but thee!

By thy sweet lips whose bright carnation
Outvies the coral and the rose,
Whose fragrant dew is Love's collation,
Which, parting, strings of pearl disclose,
And whence mellifluent music flows,
I love but thee!

By thy dear heart whose tender feeling
Responds to sorrow's slightest tone,
But yet for Love has no revealing,
My soul adores thee, thee alone!
How blest if thou replied, sweet one,
I love but thee!

Pictures of Life.

THE CHILD STEALER.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IX.

When Mr. Milford returned to the place where the girl was held a prisoner, bearing in his hand an order for her release, he found her in a state of mind not at all satisfactory. She had become moody, and answered, evasively, and with ill-concealed reluctance, all his questions. By appeals and promises, however, he succeeded in bringing her back to something like her former apparent willingness to go with him, and do all in her power towards recovering his child.

"In what direction do you think we had better go?" asked Mr. Milford, after this more favorable change had taken place.

"Most likely they have gone to Philadelphia," replied the girl.

"To remain there for any time?"

"No sir. That woman has been so often in the hands of the police, that she doesn't much fancy cities, where officers are always watching about, and interfering with every body."

"From Philadelphia, where do you think she will be likely to go?"

"To some of the country towns, where people are more easily deceived by a good story, and where there are no police officers prying about, and meddling with every one's business."

"You have been in Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any idea of the place at which this woman, who has my child, will stay while in that city?"

"I think I have."

"That is important!—we will go there by the latest train of cars to-day. Who knows but that we may still find them in the city. Come!—let us go from here."

The girl, who had been informed by an officer that she was free to leave the place of her imprisonment, if she went with Mr. Milford, followed that gentleman into the street, where a carriage was in waiting.

In the afternoon train of cars they were on their way to Philadelphia, where they arrived about ten o'clock. For both himself and companion Mr. Milford took lodgings at the United States Hotel. Jane had been in her own room about a quarter of an hour, when a servant came to the door, and said that the gentleman with whom she had come, wished to see her in the parlor. She went down to him without any delay.

"Jane," said Mr. Milford,—"you know, as well as I do, that every moment is of importance. To-night my child may be here; but, by to-morrow morning it may be gone. Will you go with me to the place where you think that woman is likely to be found, if in this city? There is an officer ready to accompany us."

At the word officer, the girl turned slightly pale. It doubtless awoke in her mind some unpleasant association. But, whatever hesitation she felt, was only momentary, for she said, as she turned from Mr. Milford—

"I will get myself ready, and come down in a moment."

"Very well. I will wait for you here," replied Mr. Milford.

For five, ten, fifteen minutes, the anxious man walked backward and forward through the large room; yet Jane did not appear.

"Strange!" he murmured to himself, on looking at his watch, and finding how long she had been preparing herself to go out. Immediately stepping to the bar, he directed a servant to be sent up in order to ascertain the reason of her long delay. In a little while the servant came back, and said there was no one in the girl's room. Mr. Milford sprang away at this intelligence, and went quickly up stairs to see for himself. It was too true. The girl had flown. On inquiry, one of the chambermaids said that she had seen her come quietly from her room, dressed to go out, nearly a quarter of an hour before, and glide down stairs, swiftly, but noiselessly.

The wretched father received this intelligence with a groan of irrepressible pain. His hopes had been raised to a high pitch; but they were suddenly dashed to the earth. He did not long remain supine, however. After consulting with the officer, whose aid had been called in, it was determined to notify, immediately, the whole police of the city, as far as it could be done, and have men at every avenue of departure by public conveyance in the morning and for the next three or four days. By this means the woman who had the child, if still in Philadelphia, might be arrested, if she attempted to go away. To decide upon this as the best course, and to commission the officer to set the required machinery in operation immediately, was all Mr. Milford could do on the night of his arrival in Philadelphia, and he retired to his room about twelve o'clock, feeling depressed in spirits, and almost hopeless in regard to his child. In the ability of Jane to ferret out the wretch who had his babe, he had the fullest confidence. But she had failed him at the very moment when aid was most needed.

In the morning, Mr. Milford waited anxiously from daylight until seven o'clock for the appearance of the officer who had been directed to carry out the plan of having one or two members of the police stationed at every steamboat landing, railroad depot, and stage office, in order to prevent the departure of any one suspected of being concerned in stealing his child. That person at length appeared, and reported that all the contemplated arrangements had been made, and that he might rely upon the woman's arrest if she were still in the city. After a good deal of conversation, in which various things were suggested, the officer and Mr. Milford separated, with an understanding that they were to meet at ten o'clock, for the purpose of going to the Mayor, and laying the whole matter before him. The latter was sitting in a thoughtful mood, when a servant came up to him and said that a lady in the parlor wished to see him.

"A lady! Who is it?"

"She did not give her name."

"Is any one with her?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Milford asked no more questions, but went hastily to the ladies' parlor.

"Jane!" he exclaimed, in surprise, as he entered,—"where have you been?"

"In search of your babe," the girl calmly replied.

"Well!" Mr. Milford spoke quickly, while, his breath came almost panting through his lips.

"The woman has been here," replied Jane.

"Are you sure?"

"I know it. I have been at the house where she staid, and learn that she left two days ago."

"Left?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what place?"

"For Lancaster."

"Is there no mistake about this? Have you not been deceived?"

"No, sir."

"But why did you go away last evening in such a strange manner?" inquired Mr. Milford.

"Because," replied the girl, "it was better for me to go alone. Had I appeared with you or an officer, nothing would have been learned."

"True—true—you are no doubt right there, Jane," said Mr. Milford, after thinking for a few moments. "And she has gone to Lancaster? Are you sure there is no mistake?"

"I believe not."

"But, don't you remember that this woman gave out when she left Albany that she was going to Buffalo; but, instead, came off South."

"Yes. But she had no reason for making an incorrect statement here."

"She was with friends then?"

"She was with those who knew all about her; but who would not have answered a question, if you or an officer had been with me."

"We must go immediately to Lancaster," said Mr. Milford, after he had stood in a thoughtful attitude for some moments. "How long do you think it probable that she will remain there?"

"A week, perhaps."

"Very well. We will go up in the next train of cars. You can return to your room. I will send for you after awhile and let you know at what time the cars leave."

When Mr. Milford met the officer with whom he had an appointment at ten o'clock, and related what had occurred since he saw him in the morning, that individual shook his head and remarked—

"I can't say that I like this. We should know where that girl has been, and who are the accomplices in an affair like this."

"That ought to be known, I admit. But at present the recovery of my child is the only end in view, and I cannot stop to investigate what is questionable in the manner by which any intelligence in regard to her comes. To do so, might prove a most fatal mistake, and defeat all."

"It might be so. Still, I do not like the aspect in which the affair now presents itself. However, as you say, the first object is to regain your child; and if this can be most certainly done by accepting the information you now have, and acting upon it promptly, it is no doubt wisest to do as you propose. It will be time enough after your return from Lancaster, should your visit there be successful, to take up the other matter."

After arranging with the officer for the arrest of the girl on their return to the city, in order to get information from her, if possible, as to the parties in Philadelphia who were interested in the movements of the woman who had possession of the child, Mr. Milford started for Lancaster in company with Jane. On their arrival there, the girl proposed going out alone, and ascertaining if the individual in search of whom they had come were there. But Mr. Milford objected to this. They then went in company, to every hotel and boarding-house in the place, but no one, such as they described, had been seen.

"She is not here," was the sad and disappointed expression of Mr. Milford, when they returned together to the house at which they were staying. "You have been misinformed."

"She must be here," replied the girl, confidently. "Let me go out alone for a single hour, and I am sure I can find her."

"Go, then, in Heaven's name!" said the wretched man, in an excited voice. "Go! and be quick."

Jane did not linger a moment. These words were scarcely uttered by Mr. Milford, before he found himself alone. But the girl did not return in an hour, as she had promised to do. It was nearly four hours ere she came back; but then she brought good news.

"I have found them!" she said, in a joyous voice, as she entered the room where Mr. Milford awaited her. The latter became so excited at these words, that he was unable for some moments to stand.

"Where are they? Quick! Tell me!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"They are at the house of Mr. L——, a minister, who lives three miles from here."

"Have you been there?"

"Yes, I knew the woman was here, and I knew I could find her if you would let me have my own way."

"Did you see her?"

"Yes."

"And the child! How is that?" The father's voice trembled.

"Well." The girl turned her face partly away, as she thus briefly replied to the last anxious question.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of the excited man.

After he had a little recovered himself, and had made a good many more inquiries, Mr Milford rang the bell, and when a servant appeared, gave orders for a vehicle to be brought to the door as quickly as possible. The time that passed before this came, was spent in asking a variety of questions; but little could be elicited from the girl beyond the fact that she had discovered the fugitives, and that they were to be found at the house of the Rev. Mr. L——.

"Is her daughter with her; she that stole my child?" Mr. Milford asked.

"Yes, sir," returned Jane.

"Did you see her?"

"I did. She was nursing the baby."

"Did you see the baby's face? How did it look? Did you hear it cry?"

"It was lying asleep in Anne's arms."

"Did she seem kind to it?"

"Oh, yes. Anne will be good to it. She loves little babies."

"Did you see Mr. L——?"

"No."

"Or any of his family?"

"I saw his lady, I suppose."

"What excuse did you make for calling?"

"I asked to see Mrs. Green, and when I was taken into the room where she was sitting, I inquired of her about my mother—if she knew where she was."

"Your presence must have made her feel uneasy!"

"No."

"Do you think she has any suspicion of your errand here?"

"None at all. Why should she?"

A buggy wagon stopped before the window near which they were sitting, and an attendant came in with information that it was the one which had been ordered.

"Come," said Mr. Milford, rising, "we must not linger a moment."

"Are you not going to take an officer along?" inquired the girl, as she glanced from the window, and saw that there were only seats for two persons.

"Do you think I had better do so?"

"That is just as you like. If you merely intend to get the child, and let the woman and her daughter go, there is no need of your taking any one with you."

"But I don't mean to let them escape! No! no!" Mr. Milford spoke with much feeling.

"Then you had better take an officer."

"But that wagon won't hold more than two persons. If I take an officer there will be no room for you."

"No matter. I can wait here until your return. And, besides, I would rather not be present when they are taken up."

Mr. Milford stood and mused for a time.

"Can we find the place without you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. It is on the turnpike, in that direction, (pointing with her finger) just three miles from here. Any one will tell you where Mr. L——, the minister, lives. The officer will know."

After a little more reflection, Mr. Milford determined to do as Jane suggested. He had no idea of letting the wretches who had possession of his child, escape. Ascertaining the place at which an officer properly qualified to make an arrest might be found, he called and explained the business for which he wanted him.

"Do you know this Mr. L——?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes. Very well."

"And can go direct to his house?"

"Certainly."

"Then let us proceed thither without a moment's delay."

After satisfying himself that it was all as Mr. Milford said, the officer jumped into the wagon, and they drove towards the residence of Mr. L—— at a rapid speed. In twenty-five minutes they drew up at a neat little cottage, standing back from the road, around which grew the choicest variety of flowers, and clambering vines. In the neat little porch sat a woman holding a babe in her arms, and within the door was a girl some fourteen or fifteen years of age. The reins dropped from the hands of Mr. Milford, ere the horse, upon whose mouth he had drawn hard and quick, had time to more than half check his speed, and springing from the vehicle, he darted through the little gate, and ran eagerly up to the woman, who arose, with a look of alarm, as he approached, and hugging the babe she held, tightly to her bosom, turned to go into the house.

"Stop! stop!" cried the excited man, in the wildness of his suspense; and he bounded into the porch and caught hold of the woman's arm, who now screamed in terror, and struggled to escape from him. The officer, who had followed as quickly as possible, was now by the side of Mr. Milford, and taking firm hold of him, drew him back, and said—

"There, there, sir! Let Mrs. L—— go. You must not act in this way."

Mr. L——, by this time, appeared at the door, and asked, with some sternness, the meaning of all this.

"I must see the face of that child!" said Mr. Milford, but in a more subdued voice; at the same time he bent over so as to get a view of the babe's features. At this, Mrs. L—— turned the child so that its little face could be seen by all.

"The other child! Where is it?" eagerly exclaimed the excited man, and he made a movement to pass into the house.

"What other child?" asked Mr. L——. "There is no other child here."

"Where is the woman that came here some days ago?"

"No woman came here," said the minister, in a decided voice.

"What!" Mr. Milford leaned against the door. "Is there not a strange woman and a babe here?"

"No, sir."

"Is your name Mr. L——?" asked Milford, his face beginning to grow pale, and his lips to quiver.

"It is," was replied.

"The *Rev.* Mr. L——?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has there not been a strange woman and child in your house for some days past?"

"No, sir."

"Was there a strange young girl here to-day?"

"I don't remember. Was there?" Mr. L—— turned to his wife.

"Yes," replied the woman. "A girl called at the door this morning, and asked if I would let her sit down and rest for a little while. She said she had walked out from Lancaster, and was a good deal fatigued."

"Deceived! deceived! deceived!" groaned the unhappy father, clasping his hands together, and sinking down upon a chair that stood in the porch.

The officer explained, in a few words, to Mr. L—— and his wife, the object of their visit. They were, as might well be supposed, profoundly astonished; at the same time that all their sympathies were awakened for the unhappy individual who had come to their quiet home in the confident hope of finding the dear babe he had lost.

The whole story of the girl was a fabrication, evidently intended to mislead. But what her object could be in so basely trifling with his feelings, Mr. Milford could not imagine, and he so expressed himself.

"Let us go back immediately," said the officer. "I will take this girl before the Mayor, and wrest from her the truth. In all probability the parties you seek are somewhere in this neighborhood. She has, doubtless, fallen in with them, and they have induced her to play a false part towards you."

At the death of one hope, another sprung up.

"Yes—yes. This is no doubt true," replied Mr. Milford, starting to his feet. "Come! Let us return quickly. The girl will no doubt make an effort to escape; but we must prevent that."

After a hurried apology for their intrusion into the quiet family of the minister, Mr. Milford and the officer drove off for the city at a speed even greater than that at which they had come out. On arriving at the hotel, inquiries were made for the girl.

"She left in the cars that started for Philadelphia a few minutes ago," was the reply of the landlord.

Mr. Milford uttered no word. He felt a dead weight at his heart. The hope of finding his child through the aid of Jane was gone, and without her aid the hope of finding it at all burned with only a feeble, flickering light. He had been deceived—cruelly deceived.

"Do not give up," urged the officer. "The object of your search may be here; and, if so, we shall be able to find her."

But Mr. Milford shook his head.

"No—" he replied. "She is not here. It was all a ruse to get me out of Philadelphia, and abate the vigilance of the police until the woman escaped. Doubtless she was there when I left the city. But she is gone now, and there is no way by which we may tell the direction she has taken."

So well was Mr. Milford satisfied of this fact, that he made no further inquiries in Lancaster, but waited, impatiently, for the next train of cars, and then started for Philadelphia. In that city all efforts to gain any intelligence whatever of the fugitives proved utterly vain. Baltimore was then visited; also Washington City, Annapolis, Frederick, York, Harrisburg, and various places besides in Maryland and Pennsylvania, but without obtaining a word of information.

Sick in body and mind—disappointed and almost helpless, Mr. Milford went back to New York, after an absence of nearly two months. His wife had, by this time, to some extent recovered her reason, and was awaiting his return with an anxiety that may well be conceived. But he had no good news to bring. No intelligence that brought to her mind a gleam of hope.

CHAPTER X.

When Anne escaped with the child from the infuriated woman, whose anger she had braved in defence of the babe, she ran as fast as her feet would carry her to the residence of the physician before mentioned. He was in his office when she entered. Her face was flushed with excitement, and she exhibited strong agitation. The physician knew her the moment she came in.

"Is the child worse?" he inquired, as the girl stood panting before him.

"No," she said, trying to speak with a composure that she did not feel, at the same time glancing with a look of anxiety from the window. "No, it is not worse than when you saw it; but the medicine has been spilled."

"Before any of it was given to the child?"

"Yes."

The physician without asking any further question made another preparation of medicine, which was poured down the throat of the insensible babe. After this had been done, he said to Anne,

"You are the sister of this child I presume?"

Anne shook her head, and simply replied, in an evasive manner, "No."

"You called the woman with whom you were in company, 'Mother.'"

"Yes."

"This is her child?"

Anne remained silent; but it was plain that a powerful struggle was going on in her mind. She bent her face to the floor in order to conceal its expression. When she looked up which was in a few moments, her countenance had a composed aspect, and she then said,

"No. It is not her child."

"What then is she doing with it?" asked the doctor, upon whose mind vague suspicions were intruding themselves.

"That is of no consequence now to know," was answered. "Enough that I have fled from her to save its life; and that I intend restoring it to those who have the best right to have it, let the consequences to me be what they may. With this end in view I now seek your aid and protection. As a physician you can see that there is something wrong about the child; and the nature of this you will understand when I tell you that for three months it has been under the constant influence of paregoric or laudanum."

An exclamation of painful surprise escaped the physician's lips, as he reached out his hands and said—

"Let me see the child."

After looking at it, and examining it for a good while, he reached it back to the girl, remarking with a slow shake of the head—

"Bad—bad—bad."

"Do you think it dangerously ill, doctor?" asked Anne with a real anxiety in her manner that gave the physician confidence in her good intentions and right feelings toward the child.

"I can tell little about it, as I said to your mother not long ago," he replied, "until the effects of the laudanum it has taken has passed off. That will not be for some hours yet."

"For some hours!" These words were uttered with a look of distress, and the girl glanced hurriedly from the window as she spoke.

"Did I understand you to say?" inquired the doctor, "that you had come to me seeking aid and protection for this child?"

"That is what I said." The girl looked earnestly into his face.

"What protection can I afford you?" asked the doctor.

"Conceal me from my mother in your house, or any where until the child is better, so that I can take it back to its friends, which I am now resolved to do."

"Who are its friends?"

The girl shook her head.

"Where do they live?"

"Ask me nothing more now. Believe that what I have told you is true, and let humanity lead you to grant my request."

The physician mused for some time in doubt what course to pursue.

"Wait a few moments," he at length said, and turning from the girl, went back into his house to hold a short consultation with one or two members of his family. When he came back into the office, he was accompanied by his wife, who, in her turn, asked many questions of Anne. But the girl, while she fully admitted that the child did not belong to her mother, and had been drugged, almost daily, for two or three months, was yet exceedingly cautious in her replies, from which nothing certain touching the real friends of the babe could be elicited. Her manner, however, left no doubt upon the minds of the physician and his wife that her story about the child was true, and her intention to restore it to its friends earnest and sincere. After some conference on the subject, it was determined to place her, for the present, in the family of a poor but kind-hearted woman, who lived close by. To subdue the disease that was preying upon the little sufferer, was the first work to be done. After that was accomplished, if the thing were possible, it would be time enough to look further into the strange case.

Acting upon this view, the physician took Anne and the babe to the house of the woman mentioned, which stood a little back from the main street, and near to where he lived.

Nourishing food and tender care proved to be every thing to the child, and in the course of ten days she was so far recovered that Anne expressed a wish to continue her journey.

From the time she became an inmate of the family where the doctor had kindly placed her, Anne had maintained as much reserve as was possible. Many questions were asked that she could not decline answering altogether; but in replying, she had said as little as possible, and that had always been vague and unsatisfactory to her auditors. When she mentioned to the woman with whom she was staying, her wish to go, that person said, in reply—

"Anne, you must not be surprised at what I am going to say. From your own admission, it is plain that you have no right to the possession of this child. You have obtained it by improper means, and it ought immediately to be restored to its friends—or to its parents, if they are living."

"Just what I am most anxious to do," replied Anne, interrupting the woman. "It is for this purpose that I wish to leave here as soon as the child can be safely moved."

"But, I am sure the doctor will object to your going."

"Why should he?" asked Anne, with a troubled look.

"He will consider it his duty to detain you until he can communicate with the friends of the child."

"Has he said this?" inquired the girl, in a firm voice.

"He has."

Anne bent her head to the floor, and sat musing for a good while.

"The doctor could not act otherwise," said the woman, breaking in upon her abstraction. "There was a great deal of excitement a few months ago about an infant having been stolen from its parents in New York under distressing circumstances, and this naturally puts all on their guard. How do we know that the child you have is not this very one?"

The woman did not see the deep flush that covered the face of Anne, which was now, besides being bent down, turned partly away.

"Then I am to understand," she said, firmly, after sitting silent for awhile, looking up as she spoke, "that the doctor does not intend to let me go away?"

"Not yet, Anne. It would be wrong for him, under the circumstances, to permit it. If you really desire to restore this babe to its friends, inform the doctor who they are. He will immediately write to them, and they will come themselves and receive it from your hands."

The girl merely compressed her lips firmly, and slightly shook her head. The woman continued to talk, but she maintained a perfect silence, and never after, while she remained in the house, did she either to the woman or the doctor give the slightest response to any question or proposal touching the child. On that subject, she continued to observe the most perfect silence.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Milford had partly recovered from the paralizing effects of his late severe disappointment, and his mind was beginning to mature new plans of operation looking to the recovery of his child, when he one morning received by post the following letter from a small town in Pennsylvania.

"Dear Sir:—After some effort, I have succeeded in finding a copy of the 'Saturday Evening Post,' published a few months back, in which I saw a notice that you had lost a child, and I write to you immediately to say, that a woman and a young girl came to our village two weeks ago, having in possession an infant about six months old, which, by the acknowledgment of the girl to me, did not rightfully belong to either of them. The child being ill, I, as a physician, was called in. I saw, at once, that something was wrong; for the child was in a heavy, drugged sleep, and the reason given for having administered a dose so powerful, did not satisfy me. After leaving a prescription, I went away, promising to call a few hours later and examine the child more carefully after the effects of the laudanum had passed off.

"It appears that, soon after I left, the woman and her daughter had a serious quarrel; and that, while it was progressing, the former threw the medicine out of the window, and made some threat against the child, what, I have not been able to learn. The effect of this was, to cause the girl to escape from her, and threw herself upon my protection. Her only thought and anxiety appeared to be for the child, which was indeed very ill; and her avowed purpose was to restore it to its parents. No mother could have regarded a babe with more earnest and affectionate solicitude than she did this one. We could scarcely get it from her arms; and she never once lay down, nor closed her eyes in sleep, until I pronounced it out of danger.

"Soon after this girl came to my house, I gave such information to the proper authorities as would lead to the detention of her mother. But when inquiry was made for her at the tavern, she was not to be found, and has not since been seen in the neighborhood.

"From the first, I sought, diligently, to obtain from the girl such information as would enable me to ascertain who were the real friends of the child, that I might communicate with them. But, on this subject, nothing intelligible could be learned. She admitted that the child had been taken away from its parents, and she at the same time avowed it as her purpose to restore it to their possession as soon as it was well enough to be removed. As in duty bound, however, I objected to her going away alone, and earnestly besought her to let me know who were the babe's friends, that I might write to them. But she continued to maintain the most entire reserve on this point. In the meantime, I was making every effort to find the newspaper in which I had seen a notice of the loss you had sustained. Not until yesterday did I succeed in obtaining the information so much desired; but, alas! it was just too late, for some time in the middle of the night previous, the girl escaped with the infant, and has thus far baffled all efforts to discover her.

"It is probable—very probable—that her intention is to restore the child to its parents immediately; and if it is yours, I sincerely hope that, soon after this reaches you, it will be safely lodged on its mother's bosom.

"The girl of whom I speak is a little above the medium height, with a fair, delicate, interesting face, deep blue eyes, and brown hair. She is retiring, and seems, most of the time, to be in a state of absent-mindedness. Her manners are easy, and her address good. I could not help feeling prepossessed in her favor; being satisfied that the false position she held to society was exceedingly repugnant to her. All natural regard for the woman she called her mother, appears to be extinguished in her mind; and it is evidently the wish that the separation now existing shall be permanent.

"Of one thing, my dear sir, be assured; if this is your child, it will receive the kindest treatment at her hands. No mother could have evinced more tenderness and anxiety; and if it is not already restored, I am sure it will be right speedily. Do not deal with the unhappy girl too harshly, if she does come in person and present you your child. Some intention like this seemed to be in her mind, and I do earnestly hope that it will have been acted upon by the time this reaches you. There is good in the girl, however her associations and the warping nature of circumstances may have bent her character from its natural upright form, and if it leads her to make restitution for evil, it ought not to be extinguished by visiting upon her head, to the fullest extent, the legal consequences of her conduct.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. L——."

Again was the whole mind of Mr. Milford aroused to the highest pitch of anxiety and hope. His hands, with both of which he had grasped the letter, trembled so after he had read the first line, that it was with difficulty he could make out the words and connect them into sentences. As soon, however, as he understood clearly the contents of the letter, he left his store and hurried home to read it to his wife, whose mind was gradually attaining clearness of perception, and, with it, strength to bear the exquisite pain it brought. He found her kind friend Mrs. Lewis with her.

"News from our child!" he said, with much agitation of manner as he came, hurriedly, into the room where they were sitting, holding the letter he had received, in his hand.

Mrs. Milford became instantly pale, while the expression of her face was painful in its blended eagerness and hope. Her husband read the letter he had received aloud, yet in an agitated manner. When he had concluded, Mrs. Milford was weeping violently, and Mrs. Lewis was by her side with earnestly uttered words of encouragement.

Before the first excitement produced by this intelligence had subsided, and while the tears were still glistening on the sad face of the unhappy mother, a slight confusion of voices was heard in the hall below, followed by the sound of light feet quickly ascending the stairs. A moment more and the door of the room in which they were sitting opened, and Mary Smith, as she had called herself, or rather Anne, entered with the lost babe in her arms. This sudden appearance completely paralized the mother, and she sat, almost motionless, with staring eyes and cheeks blanched to ashy paleness. But Mrs. Lewis sprung forward, and taking the child from the girl, laid it in her arms and against her bosom. Oh! what a wild thrill of delight passed electrically through the mother's frame, as she felt her babe once more upon her breast. Her mind, that was just sinking beneath the excitement of joy at the recovery of her child, as it had before sunk under its loss, rallied with the thrilling touch, and she clasped the babe tightly to her bosom, while murmured thanks to heaven for its restoration, fervently breathed, fell from her quivering lips.

Mr. Milford was so overcome that he was unable to stand, and he grasped tightly the chair into which he had almost fallen in order to support himself. For a time no one thought of or spoke to Anne, who remained standing near, a silent but by no means indifferent spectator of what was passing. When Mrs. Lewis, recollecting herself, turned her eyes and thoughts upon the girl, she saw that tears were glistening beneath her drooping lashes, and that upon her young and really beautiful face, was a profound expression of sadness. In spite of the unfavorable opinion which she had necessarily formed of her, Mrs. Lewis could not help feeling a strange interest in the girl, and an instant desire to save her from the serious consequences likely to fall upon her if she were delivered over to the tender mercies of the law, charged with the dreadful crime of child-stealing. Rising she advanced to where she was standing, and looking her in the face, said,

"Come."

The girl turned and followed her into another room.

"Sit down here," said Mrs. Lewis, when they were alone, pointing to a chair beside one that she had taken.

Anne obeyed in silence, but with her large, earnest eyes fixed intently upon the face of Mrs. Lewis.

There was a pause of some moments.

"Your name is not Mary Smith?" said Mrs. Lewis, merely to break ground between them.

The girl shook her head.

"It is Anne," resumed Mrs. L.

A quick flush of surprise went over her face.

"We learned as much," continued Mrs. Lewis, thinking it best to approach the girl in this way, "from a letter just received from Doctor L——, giving information of the fact that you were in the town where he resided."

The girl, at this remark, became strongly agitated.

"Did he say I was kind to the babe?" she asked, in a low, tremulous, earnest voice.

"He did," replied Mrs. Lewis; "as kind as a mother could have been."

"I am glad of that! Glad of that!" said the girl with much apparent emotion. "Bad as I am I never was unkind to a babe."

"But why, Anne—why did you take it from its mother? That was not only unkind, but cruel!"

A slight tremor went through the girl's frame. But she did not reply.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Lewis, "that was a cruel thing. To rob a mother of her babe as you did. Oh! it was a most wicked act. No language can picture the suffering you occasioned. The death of the child would have been nothing, in comparison. How, how could you find it in your heart to commit such a dreadful wrong?"

The slight tremor which had been observed in Anne's frame, deepened into strong agitation; and the excitement of her mind at length expended itself in a wild paroxysm of tears. Mrs. Lewis waited until she had grown calm, her interest in the girl increasing every moment. She then said—

"I cannot think you are all bad—that you are wicked and cruel by nature. And yet, Anne, this act of deceiving a mother so deliberately that you might rob her of her babe, is of such a dreadful character that, when I think of it, I can hardly imagine the person who could be guilty of the deed, to possess a single redeeming quality of mind. What—what could have tempted you to engage in such cruel work?"

Anne, who had, by this time, recovered her self-command, raised her eyes to the face of Mrs. Lewis, and looked at her for some moments.

"I can hardly hope," she murmured, in a sad voice, "to make any one believe, after having done so wicked, so cruel a thing, that I have a single good quality in me. But I have not come here to ask you to think well of me, nor with the hope of mercy. I could have left the babe where its parents could have got it again, and escaped myself. But, I did not care to do that. I wished to atone for my crime as far as I could, by safely delivering the babe into its home, leaving all consequences to myself out of the question entirely. Indeed, in the state of mind to which I have been reduced, I think little about consequences. I know of none more to be dreaded than the life I have led for the last few years. Heaven knows I would rather die than go over it again!"

"But why did you consent to lead such a life?" inquired Mrs. Lewis.

"Why? Ask the child why it obeys its parent!" returned Anne, with a flushing cheek.

"Then what you did was repugnant to your feelings?"

"Oh, madam!" said Anne, looking into the face of Mrs. Lewis with an expression that appealed at once to her heart, "If you could only know how my heart has ached while I obeyed my mother, you would pity me. If you could only know the struggle I have had for years between duty to, and affection for, my mother, and my own awakening sense of right, you would not think so badly of me as you now do. Mine has been a dreadful life; but the most evil of it is at last over. Imprisonment will be nothing to the past. Shut up in a quiet cell, I would be safe from those who would drag me along evil ways, and have time to repent and pray."

The lip of the girl again quivered, and her voice choked and sunk into a low sob. The feelings of Mrs. Lewis were deeply touched.

"For what end did your mother get possession of this babe?" she asked.

"It was a means of creating sympathy in the minds of kind-hearted but weak people, from whom money could be obtained."

"Was that the sole purpose in view?"

"It was. A mother, with a young babe in her arms, and in destitute circumstances, does not often ask for aid in vain, if she be careful to make her appeals in the right way and to the right persons."

"Did your mother get much money in this way?"

"Oh, yes. A good deal more than we ever spent. She has money laid up in the Savings Bank here, also in Boston, and at two or three other places."

"In what name?"

"Do not ask me that!" said the girl, quickly. "Is she not my mother?"

There was a touching pathos in the way this was said.

"If no effort is made to detain you here, will you go back to your mother?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"Never!" was most emphatically replied. "While a child, I might be obedient to her, and not sin; but that time is past. We can never be as mother and daughter again. I have already done too much violence to my own clear sense of right."

"If at liberty now to retire, free of all consequences, where would you go?—or what would you do?"

"I know not where I would go, nor what I would do," she returned, sadly.

"Have you money?"

Anne shook her head.

"How did you get here?"

"I had just enough to pay my way to New York."

"All is not evil," said Mrs. Lewis, to herself. "Heinous as her offence has been, it may not be well to visit upon her its severest consequence. She has not been a free agent in this matter. Now that she has asserted her freedom, and acts from her own native impulses, she turns to good, and makes restitution as far as in her lies."

"Anne," and the lady again addressed the girl,—"if I can prevail upon these people to spare you, will you come into my family for a short time? If your repentance prove sincere, I will obtain for you some useful employment, in which you will be freed from the temptations of your past unhappy life."

"Do with me as you will," returned Anne, exhibiting a certain abandonment of manner, that indicated a humbled, almost broken spirit. "I have little to hope for in life, now. From the one I should love, I have turned away; and we can never again be to each other what we once were. There is no one now for me to look to; no one whom I can call my friend."

"A new life will bring new friends, Anne," returned Mrs. Lewis, who, every moment felt herself growing more and more interested in the young girl, about whom there was an intelligence and a moral sense far beyond what she had at first supposed to exist. "Let us hope for the best. And now do you remain here for a little while. I will see Mr. and Mrs. Milford, and say all I can in your favor."

When Mrs. Lewis returned to the overjoyed parents, and related what had passed between her and Anne, coming as it did upon the favorable impression produced by the letter of Doctor L——, and added to the fact, that the girl had voluntarily come back under circumstances of sacrifice and pain to herself, she found no difficulty in prevailing upon them to yield to her wishes.

"You are to go with me, if you will," said Mrs. Lewis, on returning to the room where she had left Anne.

A light glanced fitfully across the girl's countenance, as these words fell upon her ears. She did not reply, but there was a look of gratitude upon her suffering face as she arose to accompany the lady. They were near the street door, when she paused and said, in a hesitating voice—

"May I not see the baby before I go?"

"Oh, yes."

And they turned, and went up stairs again.

"Anne wishes to see the baby before she goes," said Mrs. Lewis, as they entered the room where Mrs. Milford sat beside her husband, with her babe still drawn tightly to her bosom.

Mr. Milford slightly frowned and Mrs. Milford was disturbed by the request. But no objection was made. Anne came forward timidly. As the mother let her arm fall, and thus turned the face of little Blanche outwards, Anne stooped down and kissed her tenderly. When she rose up quickly and turned away, there was a tear on the fair brow of the unconscious babe.

CHAPTER XII.

Anne had not been long in the family of Mrs. Lewis, before that lady, in spite of many arguments held with herself, formed an attachment for her; and Mr. Lewis, though his prejudice was at first instinctive and strong, found it gradually wearing away, until it changed to a sentiment kindred with that of his wife.

Though raised by such a mother, the girl had not been entirely neglected. For several years she had been at school in the vicinity of Boston, and having, naturally, an intelligent mind, had, during the time, acquired a tolerably good education. There was an air of refinement, too, in her manners, and a native grace in her carriage, that no one could help observing. Month after month she remained with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, but in entire seclusion, winning upon their hearts every day; and every day feeling more and more drawn to them. Gradually the reserve she maintained at first wore off, and she related many sad particulars of her wandering life. But, touching the woman whom she called her mother, she was careful to give no information of a kind likely to result in arrest and punishment. The girl who had accompanied Mr. Milford to Philadelphia and Lancaster, she said she knew very well; and mentioned that she had come to her mother shortly after the child was taken, and while they were in Philadelphia, and informed her that Mr. Milford was in the city, and in search of her. It was then agreed that Jane should give him such information as would lead him to go to Lancaster, while they escaped from the city in another direction.

"But, against all this lying and wrong," said Anne, "my heart rebelled more and more every day. I went to Mr. Milford and told a story that had been put into my mouth by my mother; but I told it with painful reluctance, and my heart was sad in view of the great evil I was about to commit. No one knows but myself the struggle it cost me to take away that dear babe from its mother, nor the anguish of mind I suffered after it was done. Not a very long time passed before the thought of restoring it entered my mind; but whenever this was done, I was well satisfied that there would occur but an angry separation between myself and my mother. I could not make up my mind at first to meet this consequence; but at last, so clearly did I see what it was right for me to do, that I hesitated no longer; and I have ceased not since to be thankful that I had strength to carry out the resolution I had made."

Once more in her mother's arms, little Blanche soon recovered from the effects of the sad treatment she had received while in possession of the wretched woman who had obtained and used her as a means of extorting money from the simple-minded and over-credulous. Anne had a yearning desire to see the child she had watched over for months with more than a common interest; but she did not ask for permission to look upon its sweet young face. She knew that in the house of Mr. Milford, her presence would be thought an intrusion, and her breath upon the babe, a blight. Since she had been in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; and more especially since an attachment towards her had become apparent the parents of Blanche had shown some coldness towards their old friends. The two families visited far less frequently; for the common band of sympathy no longer existed. While the babe was away, a mutual bereavement awoke a kindred and uniting sentiment. But Mr. and Mrs. Milford no longer mourned a lost child; and could now easily find reasons for not feeling as much interest or seeing as much to like in Mr. and Mrs. Lewis as before.

The interest awakened in the mind of Mrs. Lewis for a girl like Anne, presenting herself before her as she did under such revolting circumstances, may have arisen, and probably did to some extent, from a hope that through her connexion with a woman professedly a child-stealer, she might be able to give her some information that would throw a gleam of light, at least, on the dark cloud that hung over the fate of her own lost one. Many and various were the questions she asked of Anne on this subject, but nothing upon which her mind could rest with any degree of confidence was elicited.

One day, it was nearly a year after Anne had become an inmate of the family, Mrs. Lewis received a note, written on a soiled piece of paper, desiring her to come immediately to a certain house in the lower part of the city, the number of which was given, as there was a person there, near to death, who had something of importance to communicate. The first thought of Mrs. Lewis was of her lost child. She obeyed the summons instantly. The house at which she called proved to be a boarding house, of rather common description. On making the necessary inquiries, she was shown into a small room in the third story in which were two persons. One a woman evidently very ill, and near to her end; and the other probably a nurse or attendant.

"My name is Mrs. Lewis," said the visitor, as she approached the bed. "Did you send for me?"

With a motion of the hand, the sick woman indicated her wish that the person who was with her should leave the room. The attendant arose and retired.

"Madam," said the stranger, partly rising up and speaking in a hoarse whisper and with an effort, though without the betrayal of much feeling—"Madam! sixteen years ago I did you a great wrong."

"My child!" exclaimed Mrs. Lewis, in the eager excitement of her feelings, and unable to control herself. "Does she yet live?"

"She is yet alive," said the dying woman.

"Thank God! Thank God! But oh! where is she? Quick! Tell me! Where will I find my child?"

The woman made an effort to reply, but, though her lips moved, no sound escaped, and she sunk back upon the pillow from which she had arisen.

"Quick! Quick! Oh! speak the word! Where is my child?"

And Mrs. Lewis bent her ear close to the lips of the dying woman.

"In your own house! Her name is Anne!" came thrilling upon her ear in a deeply breathed whisper.

Ten minutes from that exciting moment, Mrs. Lewis came hurriedly into the room where Anne sat reading.

"Anne!" she exclaimed, wildly—"Anne! I have found my long lost child!"

The girl clasped her hands together, and looked up with surprise and wonder. When the words,

"Where is she?" fell from her lips, she was in the arms of Mrs. Lewis, and the answer was—

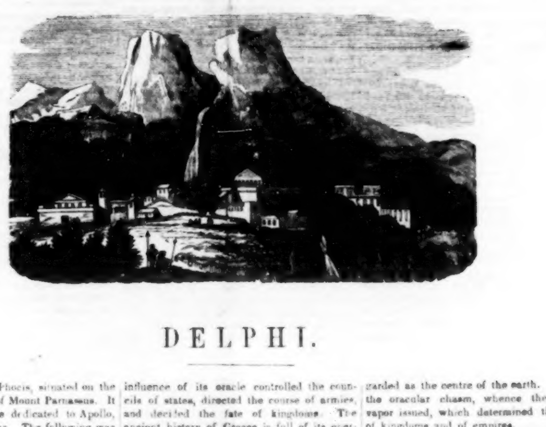
"Here! Here, with her head against her mother's breast! Dear Anne! you are my long lost child. Heaven has been good to me! The gloomy night is past, and the sun has risen again. Oh! I will be thankful! I will be thankful!"

Again and again was the bewildered, excited and weeping girl clasped to her mother's bosom. Her cheeks were hot with kisses, and her sunny hair wet with tears of joy.

If a doubt intruded upon the mother it was quickly dispelled. Her eyes, that had been dim, were now open, and she saw in the face of Anne the features of her own sister; and the father, when the glad news came to him, saw in his recovered child the likeness of her mother, and wondered that he had not seen it before.

On the day after, Anne went with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis to see the mortal remains of the woman, who, in dying, had owned to her real parentage. She proved to be the one she had known, from infancy, as her mother. In her trunk was found a will, in which about a thousand dollars, deposited in a savings bank, was bequeathed to Anne Lewis, daughter of James and Margaret Lewis of New York. Attached to the will was a paper sworn to before a magistrate, which made all clear as to who Anne Lewis was. There were points in the succinct history it gave, which the parents of Anne clearly recognized, and knew, from them, that the main fact stated, if there had been no other evidence satisfactory to them, must be true.

Our Picture Gallery.



DELPHI.

Delphi is a town of Phocis, situated on the South-West extremity of Mount Parnassus. It had a temple and oracle dedicated to Apollo, for which it was famous. The following was said to be the origin of the oracle:—A number of goats that were feeding on Mount Parnassus came near a place which had a deep and long perforation. The vapor which issued from the hole semed to inspire the goats; and they played and frisked about in such an uncommon manner, that the goat-herd was tempted to lean over the hole, and see what mysteries the place contained. He was immediately seized with a fit of enthusiasm, his expressions were wild and extravagant, and passed for prophecies. This circumstance was soon known about the country, and many experienced the same enthusiastic inspiration. The place was revered; a temple was erected on the spot, and dedicated to Apollo; and a city built, which became the most illustrious in Phocis. The influence of its oracle controlled the councils of states, directed the course of armies, and decided the fate of kingdoms. The ancient history of Greece is full of its energy, and early registers of its authority. The Grecian cities were the stewards and guardians of the god. Their deputies composed the famous Amphictyonic Assembly, which once guided Greece. The site of Delphi has been well described as a natural Theatre, sloping in a semi-circular declivity, from the foot of Parnassus.

At the highest point of this theatre stood the Temple of Apollo. Its form may be still recognized on the coins and sculptured marble which belong to the ancient history of Delphi. An interesting record of the ornaments with which it was decorated is preserved in the Ion of Euripides. On the place once occupied by its foundations not a vestige of its structure now remains. In its shrine was the elliptical stone which was regarded as the centre of the earth. Here was the oracular chasm, whence the prophetic vapor issued, which determined the destiny of kingdoms and of empires.

To the West of the Temple was the stadium, of which the outline is still visible.—To the East of it was the glen through which fell a cascade fed by the snows of Parnassus, and which descended into a basin hewn in the rock, which was also supplied by a perennial stream of clear and salubrious water.—This was the poetic fountain of Castalia. It still flows on, while the Temple of Apollo and the Council Hall of the Amphictyons, the Treasure-House of Crœsus, and the three thousand statues which crowded the buildings and streets of Delphi, even in the time of Pliny, have all vanished, as though they had never been. The spring is now dedicated to St. John, in whose honor a small chapel has been erected over the source. It is yearly visited by numbers of travellers.

Our Correspondents

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. BOND TAPPAN, M. D.

In my last I touched upon the luxury of the Spanish *siesta*. But I confess to have come far short of a just appreciation of that delicious state of "*far niente*," until it was placed in contrast with an abortive attempt at my first night's repose in a Cuba Hotel. Comparison instituted everywhere between men and things seldom permits any object to stand upon its own merits. Nothing is isolated or suffered to determine its own measure of beauty or defect. A strong contrast obtains between the voluptuous repose of the swinging hammock, after dinner, with an aromatic cloud of incense floating from your lips, and circling like a glory above your head, and the kind of rest obtained at night by the inexperienced in the tropics. The apartments are promotive of sleep. The latticed window stretching nearly from ceiling to floor admits whatever breezes there are abroad, and in the court below can be heard the rustling of feathery palms, and the cool plash of fountains to lull the wakeful sense into oblivion. But the "voices of the night" pour their melodies into the unwilling ear and banish repose. The invisible performers swarm in full orchestra around your couch, and not only compel you to listen to their music, but also to settle in full their *bills* for the entertainment. I went into my "cuarto" unwarned of these nocturnal serenaders, and throwing myself upon the bed, neglected to draw around me the gauze veil that depends from the top, and droops in ample folds to the floor. A droning sound hummed through my brain, just as its last thought of earth lapsed into the similitude of a dream. The alarm was sounded, and I sprang to my feet, but, "Ave Marie Purissima!" it was too late. The air had begun, and a hundred knights of the lance thrust their weapons into my flesh. I essayed to do battle with them, and after a few skirmishes with towels and brushes, they were put to flight. My condition was yet, however, widely hostile to sleep. Every square inch of cuticle seemed to have been a point of attack, and smarted with pain. I lay enveloped in the veil which protected me from a renewed assault, but as the cool air that came stealing in at the window was thus denied access to my limbs, the prisoned atmosphere soon became sultry and oppressive, and I was presently bathed in perspiration. Growing desperate with the stifling heat, and the stings of my late tormenters, I quitted my couch and repaired to the balcony, anticipating a fresh attack, and therefore on the defensive. But my enemies had laid seige in another quarter. "Mil Carajos! que demonio!" issued in passionate tones from an adjoining "cuarto." Whisk! bang! slap dash went the towel at the blood-thirsty mosquitos with such effect, that in a minute the enraged old Don was rid of his persecutors, and stood upon the floor swearing a volley of Spanish oaths, and supplicating the virgin for an undisturbed repose in the same breath. "*Amigo*," said I, laughing heartily. "*Que tal?*" how fares it with you? "*Estamos muy divertidos, Senor*," returned the other, in a doleful voice. "*Que venga la manana.*" "*No se pueden dar golpe con el Sol.*" We are highly entertained, sir. Oh! for the morning light. They don't give battle by day. The poor gentleman went grumbling to bed. I remained in the balcony to drink in the beauty of that glorious night. How inadequate seemed language to compass the splendor of the scene! It is not the delicately tinted, faintly blue Heaven arched over ruder climes, where the moon now pours her golden radiance; but a sky robed with the richest and deepest hue that stains the fairy blue bell's cup. And like gold dust showered upon its velvet leaf, look the stars studding the sapphire dome of Nature's vast temple! There is to me something cold and passionless in a Northern sky at the hour of night. With the repose that broods over the sleeping world, comes a hush, supernatural, like the stillness of death. The city, in jaunty, modern garb, untouched by Time, unsoftened in its sharp outline by luxuriant mosses, and invested with no romantic associations or historic legends that link it with the Past, and kindle to life a throng of grand old memories, lies in the pale starlight, calm and pulseless, like a beautiful piece of art. Its inanimate beauty cannot touch the heart. There is no spell, no witchery in such a scene! A solitary ivy-clad tower among the laughing vineyards of France, or crowning the ragged heights of a Mexican pass, seen at night, the moon silvering its crumbling walls, and streaming through loop hole and window, with the dash of waterfalls and the glitter of lakes, and the scream of a startled eagle far up among the hills, is, to me, a more correct type of the loveliness which dwells in material things. The elements of such a picture are from Nature. There is her freshness and grace flung over and beautifying records of the past, that exhibit little of art or genius in their construction, but serve rather to remind us of the rude and barbaric age in which they were conceived.

My thoughts were called home from their romantic flight, as I stood upon the balcony of my Hotel, to the disagreeable fact that a large *scorpion* had crawled upon my hand, and with its tail curled up spitefully, poising the little sting for a stroke, seemed to wait for an attempt at ejection from the premises, as the signal of attack. Aware that the creature is generally inoffensive if unmolested, I suffered it to remain where it was until a few minutes afterward, when, to my great satisfaction, the viper trailed itself slowly away. I have since repeatedly felt the scorpion sting; but, distressing as were the effects, they seemed less painful than the suspense of that moment! It is needless to say, that this incident cut short my reveries; and preferring a second encounter with the mosquitoes to any further acquaintance with my scorpion friends, I sought my chamber, and taking care first to inspect the bed, and rout all such occupants at the end of my taper, I made another *feint* at sleep, and *faint*, in sooth, it proved. My old enemies returned, and though now effectually protected from their assaults, yet the little creatures were none the less persevering and annoying in their efforts to obtain admittance. All night they hummed and buzzed most provokingly near my head. When almost oblivious of their presence, my sense of hearing, more wakeful than the rest, would betray me into flogging my limbs, and inflicting smart blows upon my face to punish the daring intruder! But I woke only to laugh at the deception, (at my own expense) and wonder at the perfect ventriloquism with which the little mosquitoes had cheated me even when lying broad awake. Northerners are in special favor with these insects. Whether our *unsophisticatedness* renders us an easier mark, or that they affect most the strong, vigorous quality of our blood, I cannot decide. Certainly we are not flattered by their preference. One thing is commendable in them—their *sharpness* at business transactions—always *running up* their *bills* and *drawing* upon you for payment. This is inverting the order of things!

The night passed, and I woke hastily and not a little alarmed from a somewhat professional dream. Methought a swarm of mosquitoes alighted on my person, whose united stomachs were capable of containing every particle of blood in my veins, and that they had been commissioned to wreak terrible vengeance upon me in behalf of that portion of humanity suffering under the use of the *lancet!* Slowly they sapped the vital current, while one of their number, with blood red wings, whirled around my head, and sang my doom. I struggled and protested, and vowed perpetual hostility to the phlebotomizing art, if they would release me, but in vain. For every vein I had opened, a dozen were rifled of their contents, and still the creatures hummed and buzzed and gorged themselves!

"*Senor quiere usted cafe?*" together with a sharp rap upon the chamber door, brought me to myself. Hastily dressing and swallowing a cup of coffee, I rushed out into the fresh morning air. The sun was gilding the house tops, and from the sea came a refreshing breeze, rendering the air, at this early hour, delightfully cool. The Plaza is the first spot to be noticed in a Spanish city, if you would see a great deal in a small compass of space and time. Here the elite, at certain hours of the day assemble. "The paubres" are fixtures in this locality—you can see them anywhere and at any time. But the "paseo" and the "plaza" of Havana are alone sufficiently worthy of any publicity of appearance on the part of the nobility.

The finest edifices surround these squares,—cathedrals, public buildings and private residences. The "Plaza Grande" of Havana is, however, very inferior in point of beauty. It is hemmed in by warehouses and scantily adorned with trees. The palaces of the "Yntendencia" and Count of Villanueva are upon the North and West sides, and are the only buildings of merit in this portion of the city. The sound of military music in this direction drew my attention, and following the "Calle de los Officios" I came upon the Plaza where a brilliant spectacle presented itself. A review of the Queen's troops was taking place. His Excellency, the Governor General of Cuba, seated in a chair fronting the line, returned the salutation of the corps, as they severally stepped from the ranks, and passing before him, executed a little piece of manoeuvring with their muskets, and then filed off to the opposite side of the Plaza. This dumb show was droll in the extreme. The soldier leaves the ranks at a smart pace and suddenly is *brought up* before the chair of state with a violent jerk. Poising himself on his heels, he wheels round "vis-a-vis" with the Governor, simultaneously shifting his musket to the right shoulder, and fetching a smart slap upon his left thigh with the other hand. The head nods convulsively. One foot scrapes the ground—again the body is poised upon the heels, and whirls about face. The gun is jerked to its old quarters and the other thigh is slapped—then the soldier, ducking his head like a panther about to spring, starts off pell-mell to rejoin his companions. The whole ceremony is gone through with the most imperturbable gravity, excepting at the close of each salutation, when a grim smile overspreads the bronzed faces of the performers, as if they felt the absurdity of their position, and were glad to make the best of their way out of it.

The troops executed their evolutions with tolerable precision and good order, but it was a shambling performance. The faces looked dogged and sullen and hungry, the step lagged, and every form moved stiffly, as though on unlubricated joints. A brilliant and beautiful display of dark eyed Havaneras thronged the streets with their elegant "volantes"—and looked smilingly upon the scene. Gay cavaliers dashed by upon their coal black fiery Spanish chargers, while an assemblage of humbler pedestrians occupied the walks—but Antonio is tugging at my elbow and says, "*Senor almorzar!*" To breakfast—I must stop descriptions and close my sheet.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Las Mananas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.—CALDERON.

Ah! my heart is ever waiting—
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the Summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying,
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life's ill ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

Varieties.

GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

Many persons who have an interest in stocks have been puzzled to understand why certain good dividend-paying stocks should every now and then be falling, and the "fancies," as they are called, upon the rise. The Boston Path Finder, in the following paragraph, explains by what sort of craft all this is effected:—

"A company, with the requisite amount of capital and credit, find a stock down at an extremely low price. Silently and quietly they buy up every share they can lay their hands upon, at the same time making public demonstrations calculated to depress it, sacrificing at times large sums for the "rights to deliver" under the market rate. The holders of the stock, not knowing the game, get frightened, sell their own stock, and sell "short," on the strength of their belief of a further depression. When the market is swept clean, and the requisite number of "short" victims are found, the stock commences its march upward, and day after day it rises; the "time" bargains begin to mature, and the prospects are that the stock will go higher, and the "shorts" begin to feel anxious to buy to meet their contracts; but the conspirators outbid them, and the mercury of the stock market goes up a degree or two more, and the outsiders, finding the stock rising so rapidly, without asking the reason, resolve to buy, and then they discover that the market is very stiff, and the stock very scarce, and being anxious to share some of the profits, they go on boldly bidding to their own ruin, and the competition forces the stock up to the point desired. The time bargains mature, and the parties have to respond some six, eight or twelve dollars per share, or fail. Now comes the descending scale, and the conspirators, at a given sign, let off the stock in all directions, and after getting rid of their load, suddenly become "bears," selling short, and then using every device to put the stock down at the very lowest figure, thus, if successful, filling their pockets either way."

DEM'S 'EM.—A pious old negro, while saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing on all he had upon his board, but would also petition to have some deficient dishes supplied. One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for the same at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetables, and stole under the window near which stood the table of our colored Christian; soon Cato drew up a chair, and commenced:

"Oh, massa Lord! will dow in dy provident kindness condescend to bress eberyting before us; and be pleased to stow upon us just a few taters—and all de praise"—(Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.) "Dem's 'em, massa Lord!" said Cato, "only just luff 'em down a little easier next time!"

OCCUPATIONS.—It is calculated that the division of the occupations of men in the United States is nearly in the following proportions:

Number engaged		in internal navigation,	33,076
"	"	in ocean navigation,	56,021
"	"	in the learned professions,	65,255
"	"	in commerce,	119,607
"	"	in manufactures,	791,741
"	"	in agriculture,	3,719,969

Thus it will be seen that those engaged in agriculture, are three and a half times greater in number than those in all the other divisions.

A FISH STORY.—Dining at Coleman's on the 6th of March, we sat opposite a very verdant specimen of the *genus homo* who had come "all the way from *Varmont* to see General Taylor augurated." After gaping about some ten minutes or so, he inquired of the waiter the kind of fish on table.

"Halibut, sir," was the reply.

"*Well, bring me a couple, and if they are good I'll try some more!*"

The waiter rushed frantically from the room.

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—A young exquisite, who was anxious to raise up a ferocious crop of whiskers, and was told that bear's oil would facilitate their growth, went to a druggist and procured a bottle of oil, which he put profusely on his face when going to bed. Next morning, on looking in the glass, he was horrified to find either side of his face covered with a thick coat of white feathers. The druggist had made a mistake, and given him goose oil instead of bear's oil!

PERSEVERE.—"Persevere, persevere," said a lady friend of ours to her help; "it's the only way we can accomplish great things." One day eight apple dumplings were sent down stairs and they all disappeared. "Sally, where are those dumplings?"

"I managed to get through 'em, ma'am."

"Why how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?"

"Persevering, ma'am," answered Sally.

REWARD!—Grant Thorburn is now in Charleston amusing himself and the public with his reminiscences of early life in New York. He tells us that when twenty-two years of age he taught a pretty girl of eighteen her A B C, and expresses his belief that unless they are willing to get married in spite of their teeth, young men had better not try teaching such scholars. Very likely—Grant himself had to knock under to his pretty pupil of eighteen.

PRACTICAL.—A communication making inquiries on the nature of repentance, appears in the Advent Herald, signed "A Sinner." The editor replies thus pithily:—

"If the above 'sinner' had paid his postage, without taking ten cents out of our pocket, we should have seen more evidence that he was in earnest in his inquiries. He must cease to do evil, before we can hope to teach him how to do well."

WHIMS OF GENIUS.—Haydn, when he sat down to compose, always dressed himself with the utmost care, had his hair nicely powdered and put on his best suit. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on copper-plate.

OF SOCIETY.—"In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profit; to be the best in the company is the way to grow worse; the best means to grow better is to be the worse there."—*Quarles.*

☞ The pumpkins grow so large out West that they are obliged to turn them over by putting the ends of rails under them. One of them scooped out forms a very good meeting house for a small society.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

THE HINCHMAN CASE.

A great deal of interest and feeling has been excited in this city and the surrounding country, during the last five or six weeks, by the details of one of the most singular trials which has ever taken place amongst us. The case is briefly this:

A gentleman belonging to the society of Friends, a farmer, by the name of Morgan Hinchman, was put in the Friends' Insane Asylum at Frankford, as being insane, by his nearest connections. While in the Asylum his personal property was sold under a judgment which had been purchased of the original holder by a Mr. Ritchie, a brother-in-law, (one of the parties concerned in putting him in the Asylum,) and his farm let on a lease—his wife going to reside with one of her relatives. A jury, summoned by the Sheriff, about this period, proceeded to the Asylum, and, after an interview with him, pronounced him insane.

Upon gaining his freedom, some months afterwards, Mr. Hinchman took legal measures to recover the control of his property, which he succeeded in doing. He then brought a suit (the one to which we have reference,) for conspiracy to deprive him of his property, against some fifteen persons, including his sister, his wife's sister, the physician who had given a certificate of his insanity, two other physicians, the Mr. Ritchie to whom we have alluded and his brother, the managers of the Asylum who had signed the order for his admission, the superintendent of the Asylum, and others less intimately, and some very remotely concerned in the matter.

The great controversy on the trial, was as to the question of his sanity at the time he was placed in the Asylum. On this point the evidence was as contradictory as it was voluminous. Upon the general capability of the plaintiff to transact business, the evidence was decidedly in his favor. But the defendants sought more especially to prove that he was as is termed by writers upon the subject, *morally* insane—in proof of which moral insanity alleged instances were relied upon of singular and outrageous conduct to his mother and others.

It was proved that he had, when a clerk in one of the banks, taken money for his own use, and afterwards manifested much contrition, acknowledged the offence, and returned the amount taken. An act which, considered in connection with the attendant circumstances, was alleged by the defence to manifest, not a criminal, but a deranged mind.

It was also proved that when he married, his wife was possessed of property estimated at from ten to twelve thousand dollars, which, with his consent and instrumentality, was settled upon her. That he ever had any considerable amount of property of his own, was not proved, only so far as his own unsupported assertion might be taken.

It appeared that, some time after his marriage, the wife agreed to annul the settlement of the property upon herself, and allow him to come into its possession.

It was also proved that his mother and his wife, were not only parties, but, as it appeared, the principal parties to the step of placing him in the Asylum—one of the Ritchies having expressly declared that he would have no hand or part in the matter, unless it was the wife's wish and she gave the measure her sanction. The only near relative, so far as appeared, not consulted as to the proceeding, being an uncle by the father's side, who resided in New Jersey.

After long and able speeches, and one rather clap-trap speech, by the counsel engaged for the various parties, the jury retired, and in the course of three or four days brought in a verdict of guilty against *seven* of the defendants, (*seven* others being found innocent,) the damages being assessed by them at ten thousand dollars.

The above, *we believe*, are the principal facts of this extraordinary case; if we have omitted any fact of importance, or have not stated what we have stated correctly, we will cheerfully make the necessary corrections.

Before we enter upon a few remarks relative to the trial itself, we wish to express our conviction of the necessity of a special law to regulate the mode in which the insanity of an alleged lunatic or monomaniac shall be proven. At present it requires only the certificate of a single physician to enable the friends of a man to place him in an insane asylum. That this power has seldom been abused, is to be supposed from the fact that the present is the first case in which any abuse was alleged by a person of questionable sanity. But the details of the present case prove that such a power might be abused; and though it is not very probable that instances would often occur, where the family of the husband, as well as the wife and the family of the wife, should unite to put a really *sane* man in the asylum, yet such a case *might*, in the possibilities of this world, occur, and therefore it would be well to guard against it, especially as no great practical difficulty is in the way.

It has been suggested to us, and we think the suggestion worthy of consideration, that a Board of Physicians, composed of three or more, be appointed by law, whose duty it should be to examine into all cases of alleged insanity, and, without whose order, no patient should be admitted into any insane asylum, either private or public. It might also be made the duty of one of the Judges, to visit all such places at uncertain periods, and have a personal oversight of the manner in which their affairs are conducted.

In relation to the particular case before us, we have a little to say, which we would not utter if we thought there was any impropriety in so doing. The verdict of the jury has been given in; but there is another verdict yet to be made up, the verdict of public opinion. It cannot be denied that the tide of public sentiment has, all through this trial, set strongly in favor of the plaintiff. It is natural that it should be so. It is honorable to the public heart that it always inclines to the side of those whom it believes oppressed or outraged. But the public mind is, we think, too prone to decided judgments—too much disposed to take one side or the other entirely and unreservedly. A few things have struck us during the progress of this trial, which have prevented us, at the same time that we have thought the defendants, or rather two or three of them, deserved to have a verdict brought against them, from going to any excessive lengths in their condemnation.

It is said, by many, that it is horrible that the certificate of one physician should send a man to the Insane Asylum.

But it must be remembered that in this case the nearest relatives concurred,—the wife, the mother (his *own* mother), his sister, his wife's sister, &c. It must also be remembered that the Frankford Asylum is not peculiar in requiring only the certificate of a single physician—the Pennsylvania Hospital, and we believe, the New England Asylums require only the same amount of evidence.

The evidence of the witnesses brought forward for the defence is ridiculed—it is said that any man might have just such evidence produced against him.

But let any one who has ever met with an insane man, one who gave undoubted evidence in his actions of partial insanity, think what he could say if brought into a court of law. You could say, "I met him on such an occasion, and was convinced by his behaviour that he was insane." But if cross-examined as to what particular things he did, you could not, in nine cases out of ten, say that he did anything but what a sane man might have done. For it is not the thing done, but the manner of doing it; not the outward manner, but the inward spirit breathing through, which convinces you of the insanity. And how can you convey that to the jury, which was incorporeal. When you say, "you believed him at the time to be insane," you have said all you can say. For, did he make faces? sane men often do that. Did he talk in a rapid and incoherent manner? sane men, when excited, often do that. Did he say he could swallow a tumbler, and put it into his mouth, making strange grimaces? we have seen Signor Blitz do that, and no one would think the Signor the least insane.

Let us give a case in point. A year or two ago, a man came into our office, which was then next door to that of a daguerreotypist, and said he wanted his portrait taken—making, before we could reply that he had mistaken the place, one of the most horrible faces imaginable. We saw at once the man was deranged in his mind, fixed our eyes steadily upon his, and spoke sharply to him, bidding him begone. His eye fell, and with the expression of one caught in some mean and contemptible action, he slunk from the room. Now we had not the least doubt of the insanity of that man, at that time; but how paltry our testimony would look upon a cross-examination by an able lawyer. We can imagine such an one winding up with the following question, amid the laughter of the surrounding audience: "And so you think, my dear sir, that every man who makes wry faces ought to be put in a mad-house, do you?"

One other consideration has had great weight with us. In a family council, to decide upon the state of a husband's mind, whose opinion and whose statements would naturally go as far as those of his wife—especially if she was beyond all denial an exceedingly mild and amiable woman? But a wife cannot give legal testimony against her husband in a case of this kind—it is against the policy of the law to allow it. Only in certain peculiar cases can she give such testimony, and this is not one of them.

Suppose a case. Suppose that a man under precisely the circumstances of the present plaintiff, had acted toward his wife in such an unhandsome and yet singular manner, other parties not being present at the time, as to lead her to believe that he was insane. If such a case were to come to trial, what she alone knew, others knowing it only as a matter of *hearsay*, could not (if we are rightly informed as to the law,) come before the jury and the public at all.

Again, in the mode the present action was brought—some of the very persons who knew the plaintiff best, being embraced in the general and very indefinite charge of conspiracy—it is not unreasonable to suppose that a great amount of evidence going to exculpate them in a moral sense, was prevented from being given. Let us look at it: the wife could not testify, her sister could not testify, his own sister could not testify, the family physician could not testify.

For these reasons, we have all through the progress of this extraordinary case, felt like crying, Give us light! But the lips of those who knew the most, with the exception of his mother, were sealed by being embraced in the general charge of conspiracy. We know all this was according to law; and we do not censure the jury for deciding according to the evidence and it alone. But as fellow citizens of the accused as well as of the accuser, it appears to us unfair to judge between them without a full hearing of both parties. We feel for our own part, that we cannot join in any excessive condemnation of the defendants, in view of the disadvantages to which the law and the legal adroitness of the plaintiff's counsel has exposed them. As we cannot have the wife's testimony, as we cannot have her sister's testimony, as we cannot have his own sister's testimony, we feel bound to hold our opinion as to the moral turpitude of the defendants, to a considerable degree, in reserve. The case is an extraordinary one, and the evidence submitted at the present trial is not sufficient, we think, to enable any one to pronounce fully upon it.

STRIFE AND PEACE.

Lest some of the friends of the Post should think that we are too quick to resent aspersions cast upon us by rival papers, we make the following explanation.

There is no one that loves peace more than the editor of this paper—though there may be some that dislike strife more. And it is our policy as well as our disposition to cultivate friendly relations with all our contemporaries—keeping in mind the injunction of the Apostle, "As far as possible, live peaceably with all men." But we have learned after some little experience, that the road to the pleasant vallies of peace, often lies through the unpleasant paths of strife.

Some say, do not take notice of every cur that barks at your heels—and perhaps this is good policy as far as mere *curs* are concerned. Though, even with the very lowest class of assailants, it may be well to turn when, lured on by your apparent apathy, they have ventured too far from their kennels, and give them a lesson that will be everlastingly remembered.

But with assailants of a rather better kind, is it good policy not to take notice of their attacks? We think not. For your forbearance is not appreciated—it is imputed not to the love of peace, but to the fear of war. The assaults consequently, in nine cases out of ten, become more and more frequent and outrageous, until at last you are absolutely forced into the field of strife, and into a much more bitter contest than if you had repelled the first onset of your assailant.

"Oppose beginnings," is as good a motto in this case as in any other. There are a great number of men who think it very fine fun "to hunt the lion," but find it a rather more serious affair when the lion turns to hunt them. When there are blows to receive as well as give, the beauty of peace begins to grow to them more apparent.

It will be seen therefore, that the general readiness of newspaper publishers to answer attacks from respectable sources, is quite as much the result of a conviction of the sound policy of this course, as from any defect of temper. So much, that we may stand well with our readers—that they may not think we allow our indignation at false statements to overturn our judgment.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

Hard is the fate of inventors. They sow in perplexity and tears, and others reap in joy. Often the fruit of years of patience and toil, is filched from them when completed, the name of another stamped upon it, and thus not only the reward but the glory lost to them, in some cases, for a time, in some, perhaps, forever.

The quadrant was one instance of this, and the Daguerreotype is now said to be another. It appears that Joseph Nicephore Niepce was the first who found the means of fixing, by the chemical action of light, the image of external objects, although Louis Mandi Daguerre perfected the photographic process of Niepce, and discovered the method now in use. The photographic attempts of Niepce go back to 1813, and he made his first discovery in 1814. Beginning with the well known facts that asphalte, exposed to the action of light bleached very quickly; that most of the compounds of silver bleached by the action of luminous rays; he applied himself to the reproduction of engravings.

From the reproduction of engravings, he advanced to the reproduction of the ephemeral images of the camera obscura, a problem which he resolved in 1824. In 1826, Daguerre, a skilful painter and the inventor of the Diorama, became acquainted with Niepce and his discovery, and applied himself to its perfection. The combined discoveries were first announced to the world by Arago in 1839. Since then the process of Daguerreotyping has been further and most wonderfully improved by various Artists—of whom America, and our own city, come in for their full share.

It is not denied that great praise is due Daguerre; but the merit of the first thought, the original invention, undoubtedly belong to Niepce. The French Government has not been wholly unjust. Whilst it has awarded to Daguerre a pension of 6,000 francs, to a son of Niepce was awarded 4,000 francs. Niepce himself died in poverty and obscurity, in 1833, at the age of 63—not living to behold the perfection and triumph of his great invention.

APPLICATIONS FOR OFFICE.

The Post Master General has now on file 7,000 applications for post offices—389 for situations in the Department at Washington; and 78 for Riding Agents; six being the number employed.

We shall be, in common with our brethren of the weekly press, greatly indebted to the Post Master General, if what he is going to do in the matter of removals he will do quickly. If he is not going to make any general "massacre of the innocents," we shall be satisfied; and, if he is going to, we have nothing more to say than we have said. But let him either promptly signify that he is going to keep the old officers, with a few exceptions; or else let his official axe rise and fall with lightning celerity until the work of decapitation be done. In the present uncertain, unsettled state of affairs, the Post Office business suffers, and the interests of publishers with it—We could explain how, but to a "*cute*" Vermonter, it is doubtless needless.

HYDROPHOBIA.

We see accounts of mad dogs and hydrophobia in all directions. So far as Philadelphia city and districts are concerned, we hope that the law against dogs running at large, muzzled or unmuzzled, will be put in force immediately. If our citizens see a dog in the street, we advise them to get up a cry of "mad dog" against him, and have him killed as soon as possible. When we think of the hundreds of beautiful little girls and boys, that we see in our daily walks, we lose all our humanity for the dogs. If they are found running at large, let them die the death.

CREDIT.

The humorous sketch entitled "Getting Into the Wrong Shop," the Flag of the Union informs us should have been credited to that paper. We did not know that it was original with the Flag, or credit would have been given at the time. By the way, we see that "The Eleventh Commandment," by T. S. Arthur, and various other tales, &c., which originally appeared in the Post, are going the rounds without the proper credit.

BOLD SAILING.

A pilot boat from New Bedford, bound for California, with a crew, all told, of *five*, was spoken Jan. 25th, by the barque Lagrance, in lat. 22 S. lon. 45 W., "all well."

NOTICES.

The following appeared in a late number of the "Reading Gazette."

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has neglected us for two or three weeks. And yet, we have always promptly answered all its requests for "first-rate notices."—*Reading Gazette.*

"Serves you right, friend Getz, for permitting yourself to be bamboozled into puffing that trashy sheet into notoriety, to the detriment of your own paper."—*Lebanon Courier.*

"Thank you, neighbor, for the compliment and rebuke your remarks convey. We receive them both, in all meekness. This is the first time we have been "bamboozled" in several years; and if we are not mistaken, *The Saturday Evening Post* will repent of the trick before we are done with 'that excellent paper!'"—*Reading Gazette.*

We first have something to say to the "Reading Gazette." We defy that paper to prove that we ever requested from it "a *first rate* notice." So far from such being the case, we had the following paragraph standing in the Post for nearly the whole of last year:

"Editors copying our Prospectus, or who will give a *fair* notice of the paper (we ask not that it shall be *praised* but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange."

In relation to the non-reception of the Post by the "Reading Gazette," it was stopped by our clerk, because he thought the "Gazette" did not desire it, as he was not conscious that that paper had complied with our terms. As soon as we saw the assertion of the Gazette, implying that it was entitled to an exchange, we ordered the clerk to put it again upon our list. As, however, we consider that the "Gazette" has acted toward us in a very unhandsome manner, and as no *proof* has been furnished us that our terms were really complied with, we shall decline exchanging with it any longer.

As for the "Lebanon Courier," we do not now, and believe the present proprietors of the Post never have exchanged with that paper. We were, therefore, surprised at first at such an unprovoked attack upon us. But, upon a reference to our subscription book, the mystery is explained. We find that while we had only sixteen or seventeen subscribers at Lebanon about a year ago, we have now some *eighty-seven* there. So it seems that the good people of Lebanon do not hold the same opinion as to the merits of the Post, as the editor of the "Lebanon Courier." For this increase in our list, as we have had no exchange with the "Lebanon Courier," we evidently owe it no thanks.

In conclusion we would return our thanks to our brethren of the country press in general, for the almost uniform courtesy which has marked their intercourse with us. We have now at least a column of friendly notices on hand, which we would publish, only that, judging by letters that we daily receive, we think our subscribers are already fully satisfied as to our merits. For our own part, we are always scrupulous to comply with our promises. We would like to exchange with every paper in the land, but as we could not find time to read them all, it would be too heavy a burden upon us, if we did not get a little recompense in the shape of advertisements.

REFORM OF DRUNKARDS.

Mrs. Swisshelm, editor of the Pittsburg Saturday Visiter, is a lady of decidedly original views, and has her own notions as to the best way of reforming drunkards. The following article, explanatory of her peculiar mode of viewing the subject, is, in these rather sentimental and rose-water days, decidedly refreshing:

"Some time ago the Bugle took us to task briskly for saying we could reform more drunkards with the aid of a stout man and a good horsewhip, than Gough had ever reformed, or ever would. Mrs Jones thought we intended using the horsewhip ourself, and thinks we would not look well at such exercise. We agree about that. We are not strong enough to give unction to such admonitions. We intended our employee to do the work under our directions! The Bugle exclaims, 'What, horsewhip God's image to reform it!' Now, look here, Mrs. Jones! That is begging the question—changing the subject! It is, in fact, another and a different case! We have little faith in physical force, applied to creatures with sentient, moral natures, but we never can think of the drunkard as a man. He is the connecting link between animal and abominable nature!—a kind of combination of the porpoise, pig, polypus, cactus, and cormorant—a mingling of every thing odious in the inhabitants of the under and upper deep—of all that is hateful in animal and vegetable life, with much less resemblance to man than a monkey; and we never could think of any argument half so likely to reach the feelings of the monster as a good horsewhip well shaken while taken.

"Every man who gets drunk should be horsewhipped sober! We have no patience with the moral suasion and whining cant addressed to creatures who will deliberately deprive themselves of every moral attribute. The delicate, susceptible sensibilities which are invoked when their 'unfortunate propensities' are spoken of by reformers, do as much as anything else to make their odious crime respectable. Is it such an angelic virtue for a wife to cling to a drunken fiend, until he murders her and half a dozen children by slow tortures? We have no patience with the lack-a-daisy romance that has been blended with the temperance reformation! The government that binds a woman or man to live with a drunkard, is a party to the crime. It is a crime for any one to live, the bosom companion of a beast—to bring up a family in the misery and degradation of a drunkard's home; and the attempt to make it a virtue, puts us out of patience. A drunkard is worse than a common felon, and the companion of such should be entitled to divorce—that is, if they would not 'turn from the evil of their ways' after being well horse-whipped."

We are inclined to think Mrs. Swisshelm is half right. We will bet on her and her "stout man and good horsewhip" at any rate.

THE ISTHMUS ROUTE.

Mr. Freaner, the correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, gives a rather unfavorable view of the route to California, by the Isthmus of Darien. He says:

I wish to call the attention of the Southern and Western emigrants to the fact that they need not expect to reach California by this route in a shorter time than three or four months, unless they are prepared to pay from $600 to $1,000 for a ticket in the steamer from here to San Francisco. I feel certain that if I could get a vessel to sail direct from the mouth of the Chagres River to Corpus Christi, that I can go from here by that route to California, and reach it sooner than three-fourths of the people who are now on the Isthmus awaiting transportation. Not less than eight hundred or one thousand persons are now on the Isthmus awaiting transportation, two-thirds of whom are Southern and Western men, some of them with slaves.

We see it stated that a number of persons have already returned to the United States from Panama and Chagres, quite satisfied that it is difficult to get to California at all, and rather more disposed to believe than before they started, that it is hardly worth the trouble of trying. We are afraid there will yet be much suffering among the emigrants at Panama, from disease, want of employment, and a gradual exhaustion of their means of living.

BE CAREFUL.

The press should be more careful in giving publicity to matters of a private nature. Reports started by some of the New York papers, are travelling over the country, to the effect that Charles Fenno Hoffman and Fitz Greene Halleck are both inmates of an insane asylum. In relation to the first named gentleman, we understand that he went to the Asylum himself in order to obtain the medical services of the resident physician—boarding there, but visiting the city every day, and much pained by the reports which he constantly met with in the papers. While Mr. Halleck is said to be suffering with a severe brain fever. If any great object was to be gained to the public through such gross interference with the concerns of individuals, it could be better pardoned.

SLANDER CASE.

We see it stated that a slander case was recently tried in Ohio, in which the actionable words were, "Parker (the plaintiff) drinks like a beast." After a long and declamatory speech by the lawyer of the plaintiff, the opposite counsel calmly said, "We admit the charge as laid, and justify. We said Parker, the plaintiff, drank like a beast, and we mean to prove the fact. A beast *drinks nothing but water*, and *quits when he is satisfied.* If the jury considers this slander when applied to a man, let them find us guilty and assess at once the damages." The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal.

MACAULAY.

In reading Macaulay's England, Harper's edition, a few evenings ago, we came across the following sentence:

"But it was chiefly by the London clergy, who were always spoken of as a class apart, that the fame of their profession for learning and eloquence were upheld."

As we suppose the above is a misprint either of the English or American publishers, we call attention to it, that it may be corrected in the next edition.

MR. WEBSTER.

Judge Matthews said that a turkey was a very inconvenient bird—as it was too much for one man's dinner, and not quite enough for two; whereupon Mr. Webster remarked, that it greatly diminished the profound respect which he had long entertained for that eminent jurist, as he had never yet found a good-sized turkey too much for a man of properly-regulated stomach.

If the above anecdote be true, Mr. Webster must be what Shakspeare called Cardinal Wolsey, "a man of an unbounded stomach."

YUCATAN.

The Government of Yucatan is selling its Indian prisoners of war as slaves to the people of Cuba. They are sold for ten years, under the name of *apprentices*. Now that the American volunteers have returned, the Indians will probably before long again get the upper hand.

THE PITTSBURG MERCURY.

We have received the first number of a new paper recently started at Pittsburg, with the above title. Judging from this first number, it will be ably conducted.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

Three days' later news from England confirms the opinion that various States of Europe are on the brink of war. The Piedmontese army had already crossed the Tecino and entered Lombardy. The next steamship will probably bring the account of a battle between it and the Austrians, under Radetsky. Both armies are represented as being full of enthusiasm, and the Austrians threaten to dictate the terms of peace, or rather of submission, to the King of Sardinia, in his capital.

The Sicilians, having rejected the propositions of the King of Naples, were preparing to renew the war. It was reported that a formidable insurrection had broken out in Calabria, which, with the general discontent of the Neapolitans, would give their king some trouble. Of course all this is favorable to the Sicilians.

The French Government has at length come to the determination to oppose any armed interference with the people of Rome. It is stated that an expedition of 12,000 men was ready to sail immediately upon the entrance of the Austrians into the territory of the new Republic.

To the surprise of nearly every one, the National Assembly of Germany has refused to call the King of Prussia to the throne of the German Empire.

Success still smiles upon the arms of the Hungarians—the Austrians have several times been beaten with considerable loss.

Russia still maintains her menacing attitude towards Turkey, and the latter is preparing for war.

About $900,000 of California gold had been received in England. It was thought the repeal or modification of the Navigation Laws would be lost in the House of Lords. The Cholera continues to spread in Ireland.

A REPLY.

Neal's Gazette of last week, while congratulating itself upon the superior length of time that one of its editors has been connected with newspapers, finds fault with us for contrasting the quantity of printer's ems in the two papers, instead of counting the number of words and lines like the veriest tyro at the business. It does not dare to deny the truth of the statement made by the foreman of the "North American and United States Gazette," that the Post contains a much greater amount of matter; but contents itself with finding fault with those unmanageable "printer's ems." The Gazette is certainly either very hard to please or very forgetful. Do not its editors remember that they have had standing for a long time, until very recently, in their prospectus, the following ridiculous paragraph:

"It (Neal's Gazette) is the *only* original and American weekly, and *contains as much matter, by printer's measurement, as any other.*"

The above was kept standing week after week in the Gazette, at a time when it did not contain as much matter as it now does; and yet when we appeal to the proof, and show that "*by printer's measurement,*" the Post contains *three* columns more than the Gazette does now, the Gazette shrinks back from the very test it had for months with such audacious impudence appealed to.

One more remark, and we leave the Gazette for the present occasion. It said recently it had "*four*" editors. It has the names of its editors now up at the head of its editorial columns, and *two* names and *only two* are given. Probably one of these attends to the "*bird's nest*" and "*museum*," while the other is the "*strong editorial force.*"

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

We chronicle an *increase* in our subscription list during the last week, at the following places: Grand View, Barnesville, and Swan Creek, Ohio; Lexington, Missouri; Sharpsburg, Kentucky; Lewisville, Indiana; Warren, Pennsylvania; Alabama, Brockport, and Davenport, New York; Plainfield, New Jersey; Jerseyville, Illinois; Newberry C. H., S. C.; and Clemmonsville, N. C. Also a *second* increase at Wheeling, Va.; and Milton, Indiana. Also entirely new lists at Smith's Mills, Hepburn, and Wiconisco, Pennsylvania; Bloomsburgh, and Rodman, New York; Harrisville, Ohio; and St. Paul, Minnesota Territory. To our friends, old and new, at all the above places, we send our best respects; also to old friends at various places, who have encouraged us with approving words and renewals of their subscriptions since our last paper; and to C. C. B., J. H. C., and J. A. H. in an especial manner.

SENSIBLE EXPLANATION.

There can hardly be a more impolite practice than that indulged in by many frequenters of concerts, &c., in rising and leaving the room during the last five minutes of the performance, thus marring the pleasure of those who like to hear a thing to the end. The Boston Bee gives the following explanation of what has always seemed to us an unaccountable want of manners. It says:—"Such persons, generally speaking, are domestic servants, who fear they will be scolded by their masters or mistresses for being out so late, and wish to get home as soon as possible—perfectly indifferent as to whether they disturb other people or not."

ONLY EIGHT.

The "Board of Popular Education," organized to send out young women to the West, to supply our Western friends with "*teachers*," report that of 119 females sent, *only eight have got married.* We are afraid that all the pretty Yankee girls get married at home—it is the only way we can account for the above. The "Board" will have to pay more attention to looks—the Western young men seem to be getting very particular.

THE EXEMPTION LAW.

The "Homestead Exemption Bill," to exempt real estate to the amount of $300 *yearly* value from execution, did not pass the Pennsylvania Legislature. A bill, however, passed, exempting property to the value of $300, exclusive of wearing apparel and school books, which are now exempted. The bill to take effect on contracts made after the Fourth of July next.

PENNSYLVANIA ERECT.

Of all the acts of the recent session of the Legislature of this State, none gives us so much pleasure as that which forbids the payment hereafter of the interest on our State Debt in depreciated funds. Hereafter, Pennsylvania will pay her honest dues in silver and gold, or their equivalent. She is once more worthy to be considered the Keystone of the Union arch.

THE MAILS.

The Milwaukie Sentinel says it received on one day, recently, "two or three tons" of mail matter. Of New York papers alone, it had dates ranging from Feb. 24th to March 22nd. Our subscribers will see by this where the fault is that they do not always receive their papers in due time.

THE FREMONT PARTY.

Letters from Col. Fremont fully corroborate the accounts of dreadful sufferings endured by his party. Some of the details given by him are said to be too horrible for publication. It is feared that one of a small party sent out from the main body, was killed by his companions for food.

THE DISTINS.

The Distins' concert on Monday evening was a fine one, but, owing perhaps to the great number of concerts we have had this season, it was not so well attended as is pleasant for both performers and audience.

LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY.

A course of Lectures on Chemistry is now being delivered at the Central High School, in Juniper Street, by Professor Boye, who is said to be well qualified for the task he has undertaken.

CONFIRMED.

Official information has at length been received of the death of the Hon. Benjamin A. Bidlack, at Bogota, New Granada. He died on the 6th of February, after an illness of nine days.

ODD FELLOWS.

The Odd Fellows among the emigrants for California, at Panama, have held a meeting, raised funds, and appointed a relief committee to relieve the wants of the sick and suffering.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

We are indebted to Mr. R. M. Young, Commissioner of the General Land Office, for the Annual Report made Dec. 14, 1848, with accompanying Appendix.

ÆOLIANS.

We call attention to the advertisement of Church and Parlor Æolians, in our advertising columns.

☞ The fishermen of Norway, inhabiting the coast near Bergen, are dying in large numbers with the cholera.

☞ G. P. R. James, the novelist, has commenced writing little books for little children. He has tired out the grown people.

☞ I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way, that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue.—*Thos. Campbell.*

☞ A razor paper has been invented, on which, if the razor is wiped after shaving, its edge is restored. Doubtful.

☞ German tools are now imported into England, and sold from 30 to 60 per cent. under the prices for the same articles manufactured at Birmingham.

☞ Rousseau tells us, that to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have said.

☞ The National Assembly, by a majority of 77, has voted a further appropriation of 50,000 francs a month for the expenses of President Bonaparte.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

New York, April 16, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—I have lately found a speck of Italy in this city, which has been a source of more pleasure than you would suspect, considering the material of which it is composed. There is here, in one of the narrow streets not far from the Park, a genuine Italian *osteria*, or tavern, kept and furnished in every particular like those which one sees in every Roman or Tuscan village. The building is very old, of dark brick, and only one story high. The single window makes a good display of oranges, jars of olives, wicker flasks of Maraschino, cigars and pipes of Sicilian clay. Stooping to enter the low door, you find the roof above you for a ceiling; sloping down to the rear, till there is barely room to stand under it, while a low shed adjoining serves as kitchen and dining-room, and a small closet partitioned off from the rest contains three berths,—like those in the steerage of a Liverpool packet—where the *padrone*, cook and *bambino* sleep. In one part of the room are piled up boxes of maccaroni and vermicelli, topped with enormous Parmesan cheeses, nearly as hard as a rock on the outside, but breaking with a fine grain, like golden alabaster. Jars of Sardinian filberts and chesnuts, sealed with plaster to keep them fresh, stand about the floor. The padrone is busy behind his little counter; on the shelves at his back are bottles of Sicilian wines, flasks of Maraschino, olives, cheeses, dried fruit, huge links of seasoned Bologna, jars of anchovy and sardines, and the clear, primrose colored oil of Tuscany. He is a handsome young Sardinian, with the sparkle of a jovial heart in his black eye, and a moustache that would outshine half of those you see in Broadway. For a shilling he will give you as much bread and Bologna, with a slice of the rare Parmesan, as you can comfortably dispose of, and the fresh, vigorous flavor of this fare gives you at once the appetite of a mountaineer.

There may be seen at all hours of the day, a congregation of Italians of all classes—sea captains, painters, sculptors, image venders, opera-singers and others—all on a perfect equality, and apparently very happy to have a rendezvous which reminds them so strongly of Italy. The Italians are all republicans, with the exception of the Jesuits; and I have frequently seen them roused to an enthusiasm bordering on the sublime, when speaking of the new hopes of their country. At night they collect together to sing patriotic songs and talk over the politics of the world. Their quick, eager eyes, active gestures and vivid expression form a very interesting study, and are in exact unison with the national character. It is like stepping from New York into an inn on the Roman Campagna, to witness them at such times. Here came Marini, the great basso of the Royal Opera, with Polenini, Arcoldi and others, when the two former passed through here on their way to London, and delighted their countrymen by the singing which they refused to the fashionable society of the city, for the reason that "as they (the fashionables) were not able to support an opera, they could not afford to pay them to sing."

I have been reading three remarkable books lately—all fresh and delightful to peruse, and each great in its way—Layard's "Nineveh," Lamartine's "Confidences," and Herman Melville's "Mardi." The first you will soon read, if you have not already. It is one of the most singularly interesting works of the age. Mr. Layard's style is modest and unassuming, yet very graphic and picturesque, and without ever intruding himself upon the reader, he takes with him all one's sympathy and admiration. As a book of adventure without counting its value in an antiquarian light, his volume will rank among those of classic travellers.

Lamartine's book is full of beauties. I am inclined to think the episode of "Graziella," related in it, a purer and more natural romance than "Raphael." His account of his open air life as a child on the hills of the Saone, and his first love-dream in the style of Ossian, when on a cold Winter night he started with his inamorata to sit on the misty hills like the ghosts of Cromla and talk of the harp of Morven, are told with exquisite tenderness and truth. The principal fault of the book, to an Anglo-Saxon mind, is its excess of sentiment, which is always of the most intense kind, and always vents itself in sighs and tears and kissings of the door-steps and dusty banks. Lamartine's descriptions of scenery have never been surpassed. He has in his heart that passion for and direct sympathy with nature which clothes her with his own life.

"Puts in every wind a tone
And presence which is not its own."

To use his own words, he has "lived near to the heart of Nature." None but the imaginative reader can appreciate his book properly. There are in it all those fine and delicate influences of winds and waves and blue air and blue sky, which escape the unspeculative eye.

This same quality, though more tersely and vigorously exhibited, gives Melville's book its great charm. When you read it, the Pacific is beneath you; the purple shores of unknown islands are on the horizon. You see the foam around your vessel; the sea breeze blows full in your face, and you career on to the shore, where the feathery palms lean over you and the woods around are glowing with the ever-blooming flowers of Polynesia. This "Mardi" is a curious book and strikes out a bold and (for any one but Melville) dangerous track. I have read it with delight, for it is steeped in a sense of freedom—the freedom of the sea, the air and the primitive life of the island—which makes me impatient for the time, but leaves a grateful after feeling of refreshment. I sometimes say, with Bulwer: "Oh for a fleet horse on the measureless green wastes of Australia!" it is not from a weariness of civilized life, but from that spirit of unrest, which wears the bit of custom so unwillingly, and whose excess would find a fetter in the very flesh and blood in which its spirit is lodged.

I meant to have said a few words about Church's picture of the "Plague of Darkness," in the Exhibition of the Academy of Design, but there is no more space to-night. It is a most striking picture. M. Vibert, the noted Parisian picture-dealer, who is here on a short visit, says it would attract attention in any gallery in Europe.

We have had terrible weather here for the last day or two—icy, windy, as Labrador and dusty as Sahara. Take back all I said about Spring, two weeks ago. B. T.

New Publications.

MORDAUNT HALL; OR, SEPTEMBER NIGHT. *A Novel, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "The Triumphs of Time," "Emilia Wyndham," "Angela," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* The author of this excellent novel, Mrs. Marsh, is one of the ablest if not the very ablest writer of fiction now living. Her "Admiral's Daughter" and "Angela," considered merely as works of art, will bear comparison with the best productions of Edgeworth and Scott. Considered in a moral and religious point of view, she is far superior to either of those popular writers. She always writes with a high moral purpose; and her delineations of human motives and character are written with an intuitive perception of secret springs of action, which often give them almost the character of revelations.

Mordaunt Hall is one of her happiest efforts. It solves one of the most difficult questions of social life; and exhibits in characters of fire the inevitable consequences of a contempt for those laws of society which have their foundation in the law of God. J. F.

MARDI: AND A VOYAGE THITHER. *In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Mr. Melville is the author of those charming works, "Typee" and "Omoo." They were the records of real adventures, touched probably with the sunlight of a brilliant imagination. Many persons imagined them wholly fictitious; which fact has led the author to the writing of the present romance. As the real adventures were deemed a romance, he thinks the romance may perhaps be deemed a real adventure. But he is mistaken in the thought. Mardi has an air of unreality about it, which "Typee" and "Omoo" had not. And it was the apparent yet doubtful reality of those works which gave them half their charm. We are afraid that in "Mardi" Mr. Melville has overdone the thing. But let our readers buy it and judge for themselves. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

A NEW HEAVEN AND EARTH. *By Edward Postlethwayt Page, of Marietta, Ohio.* This is a pamphlet decidedly above our comprehension, and every one who likes to puzzle his brains, should certainly purchase it. The first sentence is enough for our readers at one time:

"Extend 4 lines of a square, and 4 times 4 angles appear to cherish 16 and 1,600."

MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH. *By A. De Lamartine, author of "History of the Girondists," "Raphael," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This work is very interesting—being infinitely superior, in all respects, to "Raphael." The story of Graziella, especially, is very touching, natural and beautiful. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, and W. B. Zieber, Phila.*

RURAL SPORTS. *A Tale in Verse. By J. B. Jones.* A simple, natural poem of country life, which reminds us more of Cowper and Goldsmith, than of the bards of a later day. Published by *Charles Marshall, 148 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.*

LEGAL FORMS. A little pamphlet of Legal Forms, compiled by E. Robinson. Publish by *A. N. Rankin.*

RAPHAEL; OR, PAGES IN THE BOOK OF LIFE AT TWENTY. *By Alphonse de Lamartine.* We have already noticed this work, but we thought the following extract from a review of it in "The Britannia," an English paper, might please those of our readers who like the book as little as we do:—

"Happy phrases are often stumbled on through alliteration, and the "school of sin and sentiment" is one of them. It aptly designates that class of writing which represents love as a mere ethereal feeling, divested of human passion, and which, therefore, may be indulged in not only with the most perfect safety but with the most elevating effect. Unfortunately, the history of these Platonic attachments seldom confirms the theory on which they rest. They are either very mawkish or very criminal. The lives of the sentimentalists are certainly not the most pure. Their talk is only of Heaven and angels, but their conduct is that of very ordinary men and women. In consideration of this spirituality they claim exemption from those restraints which society has imposed on the intercourse of the sexes; and in the end their superior morality is only shown by their contempt of the marriage vow. The French are undeniably the most sentimental people in the world; but it will be news for us to learn that they are the most chaste in their affections. Jean Jacques was the great apostle of sentimentalism. In what way he carried his principles into action is fully set forth in the record of his wretched debaucheries.

"French fiction is never weary of repeating the story of Abelard and Heloise. The temptations of the cloister are reproduced in the various combinations of modern society. Men and women make each other delightfully miserable by draining, in the language of these sentimentalists, intoxicating draughts of spiritual passion and ethereal excitement. Love, through their strainers, is so well refined that it loses all the flavor and color of natural affection; but, like spirits of wine, it becomes more potent from the processes of rectification, which are thought to give it purity. Some fine ladies indulge in stimulants from the druggist's shop who would be shocked at the mention of gin or brandy. It is the same in literature.

"That kind of sentiment which forms the staple of Raphael is never found except in close company with great corruption of morals and degeneracy of character. Love, in its best and healthiest state, is not the puling, sickly, affected sensation which such writers as Lamartine represent it. Like humanity itself, it is a combination of soul and body, of feeling and intelligence. To depict it as an abstract idea is to falsify its nature. Its proper seat is in the heart, not in the clouds.

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"In M. de Lamartine's book there is often great beauty of expression, profound pathos, brilliant imagery, poetic thought; but it is the very last book in the world which we should like to see adopted into English literature and received into English homes. It is one of those mentally seductive works which sap the safeguards of principle, and leave virtue dependent on the caprices of impulse. We do not know what reception it has met with in Paris; there, doubtless, it is esteemed very *spirituelle* and very ravishing; its hothouse sentiment is congenial to the gilt and glare of the Parisian *salon*; but long may it be ere such artificial refinement finds a place in the mind of Englishwomen to the exclusion of those affections which make them happy mothers and chaste and constant wives."

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. By reference to our advertising columns we notice that Mr. T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street, is about to publish a new edition, (in the serial form, at a very low price,) of this valuable standard work. We are always pleased to notice the publication of such books as have a tendency to increase useful knowledge, and we know of but few works better calculated to effect this object, than Chambers's Information for the People; for as the prospectus states, it truly does embrace "all the branches of general knowledge necessary to constitute a well informed mind." Let every person who desires an interesting and cheap epitome of valuable information, subscribe for this book.

ATALANTIS; A STORY OF THE SEA. *By the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This is not a kind of poetry that we voluntarily read, but in our vocation as critic, we have given considerable attention to these effusions of Mr. Simms. They have a degree of merit as compositions, and some of the spirit songs interspersed through the poem of Atalantis flow on with a Moore-like melody of versification; but there is throughout a lack of strength and clearness, qualities quite as indispensable to the proper treating of highly imaginative as of more material subjects.

MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Phila. G. S. Appleton.* This is a finer edition of the "Confidences" than that we have noticed in another place. Eugene Plunkett is the translator. There will be sale enough for both editions. The price of Appleton's is twenty-five cents.

LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF MESMERISM. *By Rev. John Bovee Dods.* These lectures are probably the ablest yet delivered upon the subject of Mesmerism. Mr. Dods is an enthusiast in the cause. For sale by *W. B. Zieber, Phila.*

THOMPSON'S BANK NOTE REPORTER. The April number of this periodical contains fac-similes of the gold and silver coins most generally found in circulation. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

FRANKLIN ILLUSTRATED. Part Eight of this work is before us. It completes the series. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The last number of the Age is for sale by *W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.*

Miscellaneous.

ADULTERATION OF DRUGS.

Professor Thomson, in his examination before the Medical Poor Inquiry Committee, stated that the trader sorts the drugs; the purest kind he sells in its natural state, the second kind he reserves for powders, and the worst of all he uses for tinctures, and this inferior kind is very often in a state of decomposition. Frauds are often practised in the drug market. Opium often contains a piece of iron imbedded in it; calomel often consists of very little more than sulphate of barytes, which is an inert substance; and white precipitate of mercury is sometimes sold as calomel; but in scammony the adulteration is even more remarkable, an immense quantity of chalk being found in it, so that the active ingredient in it often varies from 8½ per cent. to 31½ per cent. Gamboge is often a manufactured article; milk of sulphur commonly contains one half of stucco, as is proved by exposing the composition to heat. Peruvian bark, as it comes from the hands of the grinder, consists of charcoal, with Venitian red, Carthagenian bark, lignumvitæ and satin wood. Even so late as forty years ago this composition was made by the Apothecary's Company, and was supplied to the army as Peruvian bark. It is known that on one occasion two chests of the genuine article having been sent to a drug grinder, he put eighteen chests of extraneous matter to the two of pure bark, and sold the remaining eighteen chests to his own profit. Calamine, or carbonate of zinc, as it occurs in commerce, contains very little of zinc at all, consisting principally of sulphate of barytes, colored with a little iron. Ginger is adulterated with 50 per cent., of capsicum, saw-dust, satin-wood and flour, and sometimes the article sold does not contain more than thirty per cent. of ginger. Jalap is frequently adulterated with 28 pounds of barley meal per cwt., and lignumvitæ dust is sometimes used. Liquorice powder is made of equal parts of common sugar and barley meal, with a little tumeric. Lac and plumbago are adulterated with coal and opium, with an extract of senna, and there is sometimes an infusion of from thirty to sixty per cent. of water. Rhubarb is often made of fourteen pounds of flour, eight ounces of tumeric, and ninety-eight pounds of rhubarb; and the article sold often contains no more than one-half of its weight of rhubarb. Nitrate of silver, which is extensively used in medicine, is often adulterated with nitrate of lead. Tinctures are diluted with water. A gentleman now retired from the drug trade, had been offered any powder he chose for 36s. per cwt., and when the person making the offer was asked if the article was genuine, his answer was, that it was the best he could make at the price, thus showing that the powder might be brought down to almost any price! The druggist himself sometimes sends out the genuine article to the grinder, mixed with a number of foreign ingredients; the grinder then does his share of the adulteration—so that very little of the genuine article ever reaches the consumer! The apothecaries, who are supplied by the chemists, only consider themselves judges of the roots and drugs as they present themselves in the natural state; they do not pretend to be able to apply any chemical tests to the article. Drugs are likely to be procured in their genuine state where the apothecary employs a respectable druggist who grinds for himself. To the knowledge of witness only two houses in London grind their own drugs. It was his opinion that drugs adulterated as described, were commonly sold to country practitioners, and he thought that the education prescribed to medical men was not calculated to direct their attention to chemistry sufficiently to enable them to detect such frauds. Inasmuch as price is one of the tests by which medicine is purchased, the poor are more liable than others to be supplied with bad remedies. A chemist had urged the witness himself to deal with him, saying, in reference to his prices, that he could supply him with drugs for paupers much cheaper.—*English paper.*

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—A nice young gentleman, not a thousand miles from this, after a long and assiduous courtship, found himself, one bright evening, the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. One night he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time, in a fidget of anxiety, declared and protested to Miss Nancy, that he could not and would not leave until she kissed him. Of course, Miss Nancy blushed beautifully red, and protested in turn, that she could not and would not do that. She never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married—so now he had it. The altercation and debate became deep and exciting, until the betrothed bolted outright, and declared if he couldn't kiss her he couldn't have her—and was marching off. She watched him to the gate, and saw "the *fat* was in the fire" unless something was done.

"Come back, then!" said she, coaxingly, "I'll split the difference with you—*you may squeeze my hand!*"

MONONGAHELA FUN.—A gentleman, meeting a man in the street, remarked that Mr. ———, who was just passing, and had recently failed, "looked below tide."

"Far from it," replied his friend, "for he has overrun the banks."

COMING IT BOLD.—The ladies are getting to wear large sack overcoats with big sleeves and standing linen collars. We thought we saw one, the other day, with a pair of what-you-call-'ems on, and high-heeled calfskin boots; but we are not certain.

☞ The expiring words of Lord Tenterden, the celebrated Judge, are said to have been, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." Those of Lord Hermand, a Scottish Judge, were equally professional, "Guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the Court."

☞ Haliburton declares that he would not give a piece of tobacco for the nose, except to tell when a dinner is good; nor a farthing for the mouth, except as a kennel for the tongue; but the eye study that, says he, and you will be able to read any man's heart as plain as a book.

☞ The Austrian Government has ordered the mortal remains of the Duke of Reichstadt to be placed at the disposal of France, in order that they may be united with those of the Emperor in the Church of the Invalides.

☞ A DESPERATE YOUNG WOMAN.—Mrs. Beedry, of Morristown, St. Lawrence county, gave birth, recently, to her *seventh* child. She is only eighteen.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, April 14, 1849.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The continued liberal supplies from the interior, and the fact that only a very moderate demand for export exists, has induced holders of Flour to submit to a further decline—the market opening with sales at $4,44a4,37½ for common with a choice brand at $4,50 per bbl; since, sales of common brands at $4,31¼a4,25, closing at the lower rate, and a choice Southern brand at $4,62½—week's sales for shipment 5,500 bbls. The sales for city use range from $4,37½ to 5,25 for common to choice and extra brands. Rye Flour has been in moderate demand, with sales at $2 81¼a2,75, chiefly at the lowest price. Corn Meal has been scarce and prices much firmer—1,500 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $4,37½ per bbl.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has been only to a moderate extent, with sales of 15,000 bushels at 91 to 95c for ordinary to good red, and 98c a $1 for white per bushel. Rye sold early in the week at 60, and since at 58c. Corn has been in some demand, and at the close prices took upward—sales of good yellow early in the week at 51a52, subsequently at 50a51, and since owing to light receipts, at 51a53; and 52c. Oats have been in moderate demand, with sales at 29 a 31c for Southern, and 33a34 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—The sales of Western Pork have again been limited, and we quote Mess at $10,50, and Prime a $9,50a9,75 per barrel. Beef is stationary in price, with small sales. Bacon—Is in limited demand at 6a6½c for plain and covered Hams, 5 for Sides, and 4a4½ for Shoulders—a sale of Hog round at 4½c. Lard is in limited request at 6½a7 cents. For Butter and Cheese the demand is trifling.

BARK.—Sales of 75 hhds Quercitron at $28 and 26 per ton for 1st Nos. 1 and 2. The stocks in the Warehouse on the 1st instant amounted to only 161 hhds. The inspections since 1st Jan. include 675 hhds.

BREAD.—Hard Bread continues in moderate demand at 4¼a5c for Crackers; 4½a6 for Pilot, and 3 a3½ for Navy.

BEESWAX.—The stock of good Yellow continues very light. Sales of 3,000 lbs at 21a22c.

CANDLES.—The supplies of Sperm continue limited, and prices are steady at 33a34½ cts, with small sales. Tallow sells at 11c for Mould, and 10 for Dipt.

COAL.—The market for Anthracite continues inactive in consequence of the disposition of miners to keep back supplies for the present. Bituminous comes forward freely, and prices are lower; sales of 4,000 bushels at 15a16c, mostly at the lowest rates.

COFFEE.—A cargo of 4,000 bags Rio arrived this week, and has been placed in store. The week's sales only include a few hundred bags from store at 7a7½c for Rio and Laguayra, 4 mos.

COTTON.—The demand has again been limited, and prices are ½c per lb lower—the sales being limited to the wants of the trade, including 503 bales Upland and New Orleans, at from 6½ to 7½c. By auction, about 175 bales damaged sold at 3a5½c.

COPPER.—Prices continue steady—2,070 sheets New Sheathing, sold at 21½c 6 mos. A sale of 1,700 lbs Old Copper at 18c.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—A good business continues in progress, at steady rates.

FEATHERS.—Prices are steady at 31a33 cents for good Western, with limited sales.

FISH.—In articles under this head there has been but little doing. Our quotations are unchanged.

FRUIT.—An import of 4,300 boxes Sicily Oranges and Lemons has been landed this week, a portion of which sold on private terms. In Malaga Raisins but little doing. About 800 bushels Southern Pea Nuts sold at 95c.

GINSENG.—Sales of 5,000 good Crude at 28c.

GUANO.—Supplies come forward slowly, with sales at $38 to $50 per ton, as in quality.

GUNNY BAGS.—About 21,000 medium sold to go out of the market on private terms.

HEMP.—The market is nearly bare of American, and prices are very firm.

HIDES.—No arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS.—Market dull at 9½a10 cts for first sort new crop.

HORNS.—A sale of 9,000 S. American, for the Eastern market at $4 per 100.

IRON.—The demand is not active, but prices continue steady. About 500 tons Pennsylvania Pig Metal sold at $19,50 to 27 for Anthracite and Charcoal Iron, and 7a800 tons on private terms.

LATHS.—Supplies have been large this week—cargo sales of Eastern at $1 20 per M.

LEAD.—The market continues bare in first hands, and prices are firm at 5c for parcels to arrive.

LEATHER.—The supplies from the interior are on the increase, though still not equal to the demand, which is good at 18a20c for Slaughter, and 16a18 for Spanish Sole.

LUMBER.—Supplies come forward freely, both from the interior and coastwise ports, and several cargoes have changed hands at from $14 to 20 per M for White and Yellow Pine, as in quality.

MOLASSES.—The market continues dull, and the only sales of which we are advised are a small invoice of Trinidad at 21, and a cargo of New Orleans at 29c all 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES.—There have been no operations of interest come to our knowledge this week.

OILS.—The demand for most descriptions continues to a fair extent, without change in prices.

PLASTER.—The receipts have been large this week, and several cargo sales have been made at $2,37½ for Soft, and $3 for Hard, per ton.

RICE.—There has been a fair demand, and 150 casks sold at 3¼a3½c.

SALT.—An import of 9,000 sacks Liverpool Coarse sold on private terms.

SALTPETRE.—Sales of 200 bags Crude at 6a6½c on time.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed has been in moderate request, with sales of 1,200 bushels at $3a3,50. Sales of Flaxseed at $1 31a1,33 per bushel.

TALLOW.—Good Rendered is in moderate request at 7¼a8c.

TOBACCO.—The demand continues limited.—*Inq.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16th.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. The prices of Beeves range from $5,50 to 6,50. Hogs—There were 800 in the market—all sold from $5,75 [illegible]. Cows—Bringing the following prices:—$25 to 40 for fresh; $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry.—Sheep and Lambs—From $2 to 4 for the former, $1 to 3 for the latter.

NEW YORK, April 16.—At market 1,300 Beef Cattle, (130 Southern, remainder from this State and East,) 80 Cows and Calves, and 3,000 Sheep and Lambs. The supplies of Beef Cattle were fully as abundant as for the week previous, and prices remain without much alteration. Sales from 6 to 8c, all for city consumption; about 100 left over. Cows and Calves at $20a30 to $40, as in quality; all sold. Sheep and Lambs range from $1,75a3,50 to $5,75, 400 left over.

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 11.

The market is more firm in feeling for Western Flour, though no advance can be quoted in the rates. The sales are for the Eastern and home trade, and for shipping. Sales of the day embrace 6,000 bbls at $4,50a4,87½ for the whole range of common to straight and favorite brands, and $5,50a5,75 for pure Genesee. The bulk of the sales, however, are at $4,50a4,75.—For Southern the demand is large, the sales reaching 1,800 barrels at $4,50a5 for common, and $5,37½ for fancy. Rye Flour is dull at $2,75a2,87½, of [illegible] 400 bbls Jersey sold at $2,56 [illegible].

ASHES.—Sell freely at $5,50 for both sorts.

COTTON.—The market is very heavy, and prices rule in favor of the buyer, with sales of 1,000 bales.

GRAIN.—The movement in Wheat is confined to 4,000 bushels Ohio at $1 00. Genesee with sales of 1,000 bushels at $1 20. Rye moved to the extent of 6,000 bushels at 58c, delivered. Corn continues in limited supply, especially yellow, and the market is better. The sales are 20,000 bushels at 48a49 cts for heated New Orleans, 51a53c for white and mixed, and 56a57c for yellow; the latter price for round. Oats are 3½a35c, with sales of 5,000 bushels.

SUGARS.—The market continues active though owing to a large stock (estimated at 21 to 30,000 hhds and 15,000 boxes) quotations are scarcely so firm and may be said to be about ¼ lower on Cubas, and ½ on New Orleans. The sales since last report embrace 1,300 hhds Porto Rico at 4½a5¼; 500 do Cuba Muscovado at 4a5 [illegible] and 1,800 do New Orleans at 4, 4½ and 5c, the latter principally at the former figures.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for Pork is fair, and notice sales of 600 bbls Mess at $10,31a10,37½, and 400 do Prime at $8,37½a8,50. About 1,000 bbls Mess for delivery on the 15th of July, sold at $11,75. In Beef the movement is but moderate, and the stock of Prime is quite small; sales of 250 bbls at $11,25a12,50 and $9; Hams and Shoulders at 4a5c. Of Lard, the sales embrace 500 bbls at 6a6½c, the latter price for Prime, and 50. In Cut Meats, I hear of 400 packages of dry salted 500 kegs at 6½c.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

PENNS'NIA LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of this State having adjourned, a short review of some of the most important acts of the session, may prove interesting to our Pennsylvania readers.

The General Appropriation Bill provides for a re-issue of Relief Notes, equal in amount to those now out, which are to be called in. The law authorizing the destruction of $50,000 of these notes every three months, is suspended for three years.

Provision is made for avoiding the inclined plane on the Columbia road—choice of the new route to be left to the Canal Commissioners.

Whatever surplus funds remain in the Treasury after the payment of the semi-annual interest, are to be applied to the completion of the North Branch Canal.

A new Revenue Bill was passed, estimated to bring in an additional sum of from $250,000 to $400,000. A Sinking Fund for the payment of the State Debt was also ordered to be established.

An act for the re-organization of the Common School system was passed. And also a law for the re-organization of the Militia system, by which the parades are abolished, and all persons liable to service, who are not members of uniformed companies, are to pay a small tax.

A General Manufacturing Law, similar to those existing in New York, and in the New England States, was also passed. It provides for the incorporation of companies for manufacturing, consisting of not less than five persons, with a capital of not less than $45,000.

Finally, a new License Law, which takes the patronage of granting tavern licenses from the Court of Quarter Sessions, and opens the trade of retailing liquors, wines, and malt drinks to all who feel disposed to embark in it, and can give a bond in the sum of $500, with two sureties, for the keeping of an orderly house. Three persons, called appraisers of tavern licenses, are authorized by the act to visit the inns, restaurants, and eating houses, where liquors, beer or wine are sold, to estimate the annual amount of sales of each vender, and to assess the taxes according to such sales. The report of the appraisers is taken as evidence, both of the fact of selling and the amount of sales, but appeals may be made from their decisions, if injustice is done by them. The tax is graduated from fifty dollars to upwards of three hundred dollars, in the city and incorporated districts; but in the townships, persons whose annual sales do not exceed one thousand dollars, are required to pay only $25 a year.

Altogether, it will be universally admitted that a reasonable quantity of work was done at the late session of our Legislature—the only dispute, probably, will be as to its quality.

A SCENE.

The English correspondent of the North American, of this city, tells the following good story:

"Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, two characters who are well known in the literary world, were the heroes in a little farce that was enacted at the Marylebone police office, a few days since. 'Boz' and his friend were strolling along in the Edgeware road, a locality that contains the heroes of low life, when Mark Lemons supposed that some person was picking his pocket. He turned suddenly round and hit a fellow with his walking stick—kicks and blows were freely exchanged, when the fellow took to his heels, 'Boz' and his friend following at a rapid speed. The man was finally taken into custody by a policeman. Dickens gave his evidence in court, when the prisoner, in reply, said—'I was walking along quietly, when the gentlemen suddenly stopped, and I came against one of them; they turned round and struck me, and I said what do you do that for? when they fell upon me again—I got away, and they called, stop thief! I know these two gentlemen well; they're no better than swell mob men, and get their living by buying stolen goods.' Dickens and his friend enjoyed this story, especially the former, who gave the narrator the credit of making a rich scene, which will no doubt be worked into Boz's forthcoming new romance."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 159—adults 81, and children 69.

Miscellaneous.

OUT IN THE WOODS.

The Southern Literary Gazette has the following good story of the celebrated Doctor Maxcey, President of South Carolina College. This is not the only instance, we believe, where people have been completely bewildered in the woods, nor where they have found that the fiddler must always be paid at the conclusion of a dance:

"On one occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the Doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy President a hint, that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage-house. Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the Doctor proceeded on the appointed night, to the carriage house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour, some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the College precincts, they forgot their reserve, and began to joke freely with each other by name. One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied, by swearing that 'it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it.' For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the Doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once more agreed that 'the carriage was heavy enough to have the old Doctor and all his tribe in it,'—they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass door panels, and by the well known voice of the Doctor himself, who thus addressed them:

"'So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine!—Come, Messrs. ——, and ——, and ——, buckle to, and let's return; it's getting late!'

"There was no appeal; for the window was raised, and the Doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole, and at the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less noise, did they retrace their course. In silence, they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the Doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house, where he related the story to his family with great glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was his carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods!"

COMPLIMENTARY TO THE QUAKERS.—The Sunday Dispatch, of this city, in a notice of the Hinchman trial, speaking of the female witnesses, says:

"Being present in the court during the examination of these female witnesses, we were struck with admiration at the manner in which they testified. Their evidence was straight-forward, correct, and most beautiful in language; not a word was misplaced. They seemed to have a perfect idea of the logical value of every sentence, and, in propriety of manner and self-possession, we have never seen male witnesses who excelled them.—They were clear and precise in their statements, and sustained the long and able cross-examinations of David Paul Brown with dignity and calmness. They seemed to have a perfect idea of the technical points which arose during the case; and when, after discussions between the counsel, the court intimated its opinions, they shaped their testimony in accordance with the decision, though at times, the principles settled were rather abstruse. We do not think any lady witnesses, drawn from fashionable society, could have sustained the trying circumstances under which these Quakeresses were placed, half so well. The letters which passed between some of them and the plaintiff were beautiful specimens of epistolary composition—quite equal in force, pathos and tenderness, to those which were given to the world in the late Fanny Kemble Butler case. There never has been a trial within our knowledge, in which the witnesses were so far above the ordinary run of people in intelligence, as in this case; and by far the most interesting, among the one hundred and fifty examined, were the female witnesses. Their whole examination shows the superiority of the manner in which the Quakers educate their women, insuring to them intelligent minds instead of trumpery accomplishments."

A PRACTICAL MAN.—In a recent trial for assault and battery, in Pennsylvania, the counsel for the defendant asked one of the witnesses, a stout, athletic man, to describe the manner in which the plaintiff was assaulted; when he immediately took hold of the counsel by the collar, and gave him a tremendous shaking, to the no small amusement of the judges, spectators, &c., who were convulsed with laughter.

BLACK AND GREEN TEA.

Attempts having been made to introduce the culture of the tea plant into some of our Southern States, a new interest has lately been awakened in respect to this celestial shrub. We had intended to rub up our Chinese reading and concoct an article on this subject, but we find one in an exchange paper ready made to our hands, and borrow it, not so much to save trouble, as for the sake of its being well done. We have, unfortunately, lost the name of the source whence we derived it, and can only credit it in a general way, as the newspapers often do, to ex. pa.:

"China is looked upon as the native country of the tea plant; it is not, however, strictly confined to that country, but rather to those lying on the shores of Eastern Asia; thus, in Cochin, China and Japan, this shrub is found indigenous; and in the mountainous districts, which separate China from the Birman Empire, it is found growing wild among the pine trees. It also grows in Ava and Thibet, and is found thriving luxuriantly in latitudes extending from 17° north to 41°.

"Although known and used in the East for so many centuries, yet its introduction into Europe does not date farther back than two centuries ago; when it was casually noticed by travellers, that they had seen and partaken of these dried leaves. In 1633, A. D., Olearious found its use extended among the Yesbeck Tartars and Persians. Six years later a Russian Ambassador was given some to drink at the court of the Mogul, and presented with a sample as a gift to the Czar; but he declined carrying it, as not worth the trouble.

"The Dutch were the first who introduced it into Europe from Japan. From Holland it was introduced into England by Lords Arlington and Ossory in 1656; and, through their influence tea-drinking became fashionable. It appeared so inconsistent a mode of treatment to drink the infusion and reject the leaves, that, in many instances, the opposite plan was adopted of boiling the leaves, chopping them, using them like spinach, and throwing away the water. Antiquarians speak of a much earlier introduction of tea into Europe, and of such a curiosity as *Oliver Cromwell's* tea-pot being still in existence, but we believe with little foundation in truth. However, in 1660, shortly after coffee-houses were established, they were looked upon by the English Government with great jealousy, as being places where men congregated and talked politics too freely. In order to check their increase, a duty was laid on all liquors sold in coffee-houses, and among these, infusion of tea is mentioned.

"D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, inserts a hand-bill of one Thomas Garway, the first person who sold tea by retail in England. This paper asserted that tea was sold for £6 and even £10 sterling the pound weight, and that it was but little used until 1657, and continues to say 'that, by the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. the lb.'

"Very many people believe that green tea derives its grey and bluish color from being dried on copper plates. Such an opinion is altogether unfounded, for it has been proven by experiment, to treat it so, materially injures the flavor of the tea; and, therefore, is not likely to be adopted. The real cause of the color is the dusting of it when damp, and while being dried, with a green powder made of a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum (plaster of Paris.) This coloring of the leaf is not used for the tea intended for the home market, being confined to those chests sent to Europe and America.

"Nor is there any botanical difference between black and green tea. The same shrub will occasionally yield leaves which are manufactured into both varieties; and if a number of leaves from the various sorts of tea which come into our markets be examined by softening in hot water, and laying out side by side, it will be seen that there are no characters which distinguish the different kinds of black from green teas.

"Yet we must not believe that the various sorts of tea are made from the one bush, or in the same locality; on the contrary, we know that in one district black tea is chiefly grown—in another green; here the leaf is much curled, there but little; it is the different soil and mode of cultivation which alters the flavor of the leaf, and indicates to the grower whether he shall manufacture his leaf into black or green. This influence of soil and cultivation in modifying the property and flavor of a shrub, is not peculiar to this plant, for we find the same thing happening to the vine, where, by aspect, soil and cultivation, the same plant may have its flavor altered and improved.

"The appearance of the shrub is similar to the myrtle and the camellia, and it is allowed to grow until its fourth or fifth year before the leaves are plucked, the tree having then arrived at some degree of maturity. The women pluck the leaves off with their hands, and receive them in baskets; great personal cleanliness is enjoined on the pluckers, who are obliged to undergo certain ablutions daily, lest by the smallest soiling of the leaf, in pulling with the fingers, the flavor of the leaf would be in any way deteriorated. The leaves have to be roasted on the same day gathered, otherwise they spoil; this is done in large concave iron pans, heated by a charcoal furnace; a pound, at a time, is put and stirred round till they shrivel; they are then turned out on mats, and rubbed with the palms of the hands, till a green juice flows from them; the twist is thus given which they afterwards retain; the young leaves form the best tea and take the best twist, hence a close twist is a test of quality in tea. When cool, the leaves are again returned to the pan and roasted till quite dry, and this operation is often repeated four times, at the close, a bluish bloom is produced, which renders the appearance of the leaf agreeable; it is dusted at the same time, and when turned out of the pan, constitutes the *green* tea. Black tea is treated differently; the fresh leaves are laid on sieves and steamed with hot water, so that the leaves are softened and fermented; after this, they are dried upon iron sieves over a charcoal fire, by this process the leaves are deprived of much of their astringency and aromatic qualities, and are hence inferior in these to the green teas. Tea is never used in China which is less than one year old, as new tea is found to possess powerfully exciting properties, producing great mental disturbance, like drunkenness, with a tremulous motion of the limbs. This effect is diminished by the roasting, and as green tea undergoes less roasting than black, it possesses more of the stimulating qualities."

A SIKH CHIEF.

A letter from an officer of the British Army gives the following interesting sketch of the evacuation of the garrison of Moultan, by Moolraj and his followers:

"At last came Moolraj and his brethren and chiefs—the last, as became him, in the retirement. He was gorgeously attired in silks and splendid arms, and rode a magnificent Arab steed, with a rich saddle cloth of scarlet, which bore no marks of suffering or privation. No small curiosity was experienced to discover the appearance of one who had maintained a defence obstinate and protracted beyond any related in the annals of modern warfare. He but little exceeded the middle size; was powerfully but elegantly formed; his keen, dark, piercing, restless eyes surveyed at a glance every thing around. He neither wore the face of defiance or dejection, but moved along under the general gaze as one conscious of having bravely done his duty, and aware of being the object of universal regard. He was taken to the General's tent, where he gave up his sword. This is said to have been returned him. He was now placed in charge of Lieutenant Henry, of the 19th Bombay native infantry, who had quitted the personal staff of the Governor of Bombay to be present with his regiment at the scene of action. Moolraj seems to have been actually adored by the people; and no stronger evidence of this attachment and fidelity can be given than that supplied by the fact, that though for a fortnight his defence was known to be desperate—though hundreds were being slaughtered daily, and no result whatever could be looked for but death or captivity—no one ever threatened to abandon him, or thought of betraying him. He was spoken of by all in terms of the highest respect and deepest attachment—as a man not more brave than he was generous and just. It now became necessary to separate him from his brethren and chiefs, and the separation is represented as having been most touching. There were eighteen of these of higher rank than the rest, who had been with him through all his adventures. They threw themselves at his feet, and wept sore as they were parted from him, and might not hope to see his race any more. He was placed under a strong guard some distance from the town, in a fine country residence his father had built. Writing materials were prohibited him, but every attention was shown to his comfort in so far as this was compatible with his safety. He declined seeing his family—he had not beheld them for nearly a month before; they had been placed for safety in an excavation under ground, and he refused all intercourse with them, as the sight of his mother, wife, and children, he said unmanned him, and disturbed him in the discharge of his duties. It was not considered safe to retain him longer than was indispensable in a neighborhood where there were numberless dependents ready to incur any risk in attempting his rescue, and he was accordingly ordered to proceed with the force about to march up the line of the Chenab in the direction of Ramnuggur, to turn off as they approached the road leading to Lahore for the camp of the Governor General."

☞ It won't do, when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an "all-fired scoundrel," unless you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

General News.

THE CHOLERA.

Galveston papers to the 4th instant contains some of the particulars of the ravages of the cholera on the Rio Grande.

The disease still rages to a great extent at Matamoras, though it appears to have run its course at Brownsville. A letter to a gentleman of this city, from Brazos Santiago, dated March 26th, says that out of a white population estimated at only one hundred and fifty souls, thirty-four had died of cholera in twenty-five days. At Brownsville, the letter says, one-half of the population have died.

IGNORANCE OF FRENCH PEASANTS.—The other day one R. P., a Jesuit, was travelling through a wild district toward Mons. He was overtaken by a peasant and his wife, on their way to that city, and they entered into conversation, the peasants speaking in the most vulgar patois. One of them asked the Priest of what place he was the cure. "I am not a cure," was the quiet reply. "You are then a vicaire?" "No, I am one of the Company of Jesus." The woman regarded the Jesuit with amazement. "You!" she exclaimed; "you of the company of Jesus! Are you then the Virgin?" It was now the Priest's turn to be astonished. "You must know," he said, "that I am not the Holy Virgin." "Then," rejoined she, "you are St. Joseph?" "Fie!" said the good father, "St. Joseph is in Heaven." "Well," continued the woman, "then there's only the ass left of the Company of Jesus." She was thinking of the flight into Egypt. [We (*Jerrold's News*) have translated this statement from *Sancho* a French paper. Travellers represent such ignorance as common among these peasants.]—*London Daily News.*

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.—A motion was lately made in the British House of Commons to abolish Church rates; then a motion to exempt dissenters from these rates. The motion was lost by a *small* majority. On the next day, a bill allowing clergymen of the Established Church to turn dissenters without incurring the *penalties prescribed by law*, was read a second time. These are the *beginnings* of the *end* of that illegitimate union, *Church and State*. Some will tell us that religious persecution is unknown in England. Yet a clergyman of the State Church cannot resign without penalties! And people of all other churches, or no church, must be taxed for the State Church! The statute book of England contains a multitude of *religious* laws, still extant, of most persecuting character. And while liberality is striving to gain ground by inches against this rapacious and intolerant State Church, Catholic Austria has made religion free by constitution, and Rome has abolished political religion, and established universal toleration. English opinion is behind the age, but is slowly advancing.

THE CARNIVAL.—The carnival scenes in Rome, during the last celebration, are described as extraordinary. Cars passed along filled with handsome women dressed in dresses displaying their figures, lighted up by torches, and replying with perfect nonchalance to passers by, in grotesque habiliments! For the first time in the eternal city, the Priests have been caricatured at the carnival. The celebration was not so gorgeous as on former occasions, arising from the absence of the nobility, whom the revolution has scared away, but it is said to have been more amusing. Oranges and large comfits were prohibited from being thrown at the passers, lest injury should be received, as sometimes happened.

WIFE OF AN HOUR.—Our county is becoming noted for its divorce docket, but some of our matrimonies are not less itemical. A correspondent of the Western World mentions a marriage at Lockland, twelve miles from town, under singular circumstances. The daughter of Dr. W—— was betrothed to a young man, a wireworker by trade, but the father opposed on account of the youth of his daughter. A compromise was effected, the nuptials were celebrated, and in an hour the bridegroom was on his way to California, thence to return in two years, and claim the possession of his wife. Romantic on the part of the young people—shrewd and sensible in the old 'un.—*Cincinnati Globe.*

SINGULAR SUIT.—At Liverpool a remarkable case of breach of promise of marriage has lately been tried. The plaintiff is verging upon seventy years, and the defendant, a widow, is about sixty. The court-room was filled with spectators, among whom were several ladies. The evidence introduced kept the audience convulsed with laughter during the entire trial. The Judge, in summoning up, said that it was no doubt a case of a breach of promise, but doubted whether there had been great injury to affections in the matter. The jury gave the plaintiff *one farthing* damages, and the court adjudged that he should pay his own costs.

THE LOCUSTS.—The Locusts, a correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says, will appear this year about the 20th of May, in Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, occupying the whole region from the mountains in Pennsylvania, Ohio County, Virginia, Columbiana and other Eastern Counties in Ohio. They can be found now in places under trees or shrubbery which grew in 1832, in the above region, by skinning the surface of the ground an inch deep with a spade—This will open their chambers, which will appear like auger holes.

☞ A goodly array of German nobility including Dukes, Princes and Counts, are cited, in a Texas paper, to appear and answer a claim of about $6,000, under a suit of attachment in that State. The property is that of the German Emigration Society. The Port Lavaca Journal says.

This seems a small sum for the "high, mighty and puissant" Princes and nobles named in the writ to refuse payment on, but it should be remembered that it has been mighty tight times for people engaged in this branch of business for the past year.

A WOMAN'S FURY.—The Portland Argus details the doings of a Mrs. Swett, of that city, who, stung to madness by the repeated falls of her husband—who, when not under the influence of strong drink, is an industrious and good citizen—on Saturday entered the shop of a rumseller, by the name of Cole, whom she suspected of having supplied her husband with the fatal drink, and smashed up his bottles, furniture and the front window of the shop.

THE PICTURES AND STATUES OF THE VATICAN.—The Roman Republic, we see, in order to raise the sinews of war, propose to sell the paintings and other objects of art that decorate the Vatican. Pope Pius IX. protests against it, as sacrilege, and declares, in advance, he will recognize no such sale. We should not be surprised if, amid the troubles at Rome, British gold should secure some of the finest statuary and paintings of the Eternal City.

SIAMESE TWINS.—The Siamese Twins, who have been living some years with wives and children, on their own plantation in North Carolina, are said to be on their way to New York to embark for Europe, with a view to consult the most eminent surgeons on the practicability of an operation to divide the ligament that binds them together. It is further said that one of their sisters had been adopted into the family of the Emperor of Siam.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.—The first steps towards calling a "National Convention"—to be composed of delegates from all the British North American Provinces—were taken, in Montreal, on the 9th inst., at a preliminary meeting. About thirty-five person were present. Much discussion took place in regard to the name that should be given to the projected association. It was finally determined to call it the "*British League*"

A SINGULAR CASE.—Miller, whose arrest for stealing a gallon measure of whiskey was noticed some time since, was discharged by the Grand Jury of Washington county, Md., on the ground of insanity, the jury believing him to be a monomaniac on the subject of stealing the gallon measure of whiskey. He had been sent to the Penitentiary twice before for stealing the identical measure.

AN INTENDED SPECULATION.—Mr. Lewis M. Burnet, one of a Newark (New Jersey) California Company, has just returned *temporarily* from Panama, where, so great was the anxiety to proceed, that he sold two second cabin tickets for the expected steamship California for $1,000—a clear advance of $800 on the price he paid for them in New York. He returns on business for the Company.

FIVE PERSONS FROZEN TO DEATH.—The Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye, says:—"A gentleman from Keokuk county brings the melancholy intelligence that during the cold weather of last month, a party of five persons were returning home from a ball, which they had attended in that county, and it is supposed that they lost their way, so they were all found frozen to death on the prairie.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The attempts to discover this gallant adventurer and his band having thus far proved unsuccessful, the British Government, in order to create a strong inducement on the part of Arctic navigators to make new and more efficient exertions, has increased the reward for his discovery and rescue to £20,000.

HUSBANDS WANTED.—We see a letter dated Olean, Ripley county, Ind., and signed by seven girls,—two of sixteen, three of seventeen, and two of eighteen, who signify a keen desire to marry each a respectable California-bound young man! They say they are white, bear good characters, and are all tolerably good looking.

RAILROAD SOLD.—The Hagerstown News says:—That portion of the Franklin Railroad lying in this county, between this place and the Pennsylvania line, was sold by Sheriff South to Colonel George Schley, of this place, for $600. It is about six miles of the road, the construction of which cost about $30,000 per mile.

POST OFFICE ROBBERIES.—George Baldwin, Postmaster at Great Bend, Pa., has been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in robbing the mail of sundry missing letters. Upon his arrest he is said to have confessed the crime, and he was committed to jail in default of bail.

RAILROAD IRON.—Some symptoms of a revival in this business begins to appear, as the railroad companies give the preference to American Railroad Iron, having discovered that the imported rails have recently been made out of iron of an inferior quality.

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Union says that Congress, in its haste to provide a Home Secretary and Assistant Secretary, &c., forgot to make any appropriation for the payment of their salaries.

Gen. Taylor, it is said, intends to observe the rule of Washington in excluding his own kindred from the enjoyment of executive partiality in the dispensation of the public patronage.

It is not a little remarkable, as indicating the progress of our country in population, that the Senate at present consists of the same number as the House of Representatives in the first Congress.

At Madison, Indiana, Josiah Hartly was elected Marshal, and six out of nine Councilmen pledged to oppose licensing the sale of spirituous liquors.

The New York Mirror (Whig) says that of all the recent removals, it regrets none so much as the removal of three Whig Congressmen in the State of Connecticut.

SENATOR WALKER.

The Assembly of Wisconsin, on the 20th ult., passed a series of resolutions in condemnation of Senator Walker of that State, for his course on the Territorial question. The first resolution, censuring his course, was adopted by a vote of 40 to 9; the second instructing him to resign, was adopted by the same vote; the third approving the course of Senator Dodge, was adopted by a vote of 44 to 3. It was asserted that Mr. Walker had given the most solemn pledges, before his election, to support the Wilmot Proviso. Similar resolutions were also adopted by the Senate.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—Notwithstanding the attempt to unite the Hunkers and Barnburners upon the candidate of the latter, in the city of New York, the Whig candidate for Mayor prevailed by a majority of between four and five thousand. The Whigs also carried a majority of the Councils.

Clippings.

☞ A BRIGHT GIRL.—"What are you doing there, Jane?"

"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."

"But what have you to dye it with?"

"Beer, pa."

"*Beer?* Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"

"Why, ma said yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I thought that I—"

"Here, Susan, take this child to bed."

☞ We can say one thing about a woman in this village, says the Sumpter Banner, which cannot be said about many other women, white or colored, in this district. She can say, "Rise, daughter, and go to thy daughter's daughter; for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter."

☞ "You're in liquor," as the vial remarked, as the snake was put into alcohol. "Good spirits preserve me!" said the snake to the vial.

☞ Mr. Blanchard, a New Orleans banker, had his office recently robbed in mid-day of a box containing $600 in money and notes, and other papers valued at $200,000. He advertises that the robber can keep the money, if he returns the notes and papers.

☞ Here is a little description of a tract, by a colored man who had been converted through the influence of one; "I never knew afore, massa, w'y dey call 'em *tracks*; but when I read dat little book, it track me dis way an' it track me dat way—it track me all day, an' it track me all night; w'en I go out in de barn, it track me dar; it track me ebery w'ere I go: den I know w'y dey call 'em tracks."

☞ An extensive (both in person and business) grazier, having given his vote in favor of a change in the church ministry, was asked the reason for his objections to the then incumbent. "Why," replied our honest friend, "I ha'n't got nothin' agin our parson; but I've allers hearn that changin' pastors makes fat calves."

☞ It is said that Mrs. Mitchel intends setting out for the Cape of Good Hope with her five children, in order to be near her husband, who is to be transferred to that place.

☞ An exchange very gravely informs us that a young man who was recently bathing in the Missouri River, seeing a number of ladies approach, drowned himself, *from motives of delicacy!*

☞ It is supposed that two-thirds of the human family, or six hundred millions are worshippers of idols.

☞ We learn that, during the last year, five hundred and forty young ladies fainted away on various occasions. More than two hundred of them fell into the arms of young gentlemen.—Forty were caught by their aunts and grandmothers; and only one had the misfortune to fall on the floor. She, however, picked out a soft place to fall upon and was providentially received by an ottoman.

☞ DEATH OF A PRINCE IN A WORKHOUSE.—The Liverpool papers announce that on the 19th March, in the Workhouse of St. George's, in the East, died Louis Christophe, the *soi disant* Prince of Hayti.

☞ "Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord.

"It ought to be; the painter gave it two *coats* recently," was the response.

☞ A young lady residing in Louisville, while asleep a few nights since, was awakened by a ferocious rat biting a piece out of one of her cheeks.

☞ In Albany, two or three mornings since, a young man was found in a pig pen, sleeping with half a dozen porkers, and affectionately hugging a demijohn of liquor. What taste.

☞ The Trustees of the Baltimore Public Schools lately tried the experiment of abolishing flogging in those institutions, but found it would not answer with the Baltimore boys, so the use of the rod has been resumed.

☞ The Cholera prevails so extensively in Ireland, that emigrants who intended leaving this summer for America have postponed their departure until Autumn, from apprehensions that the epidemic will rage violently at sea during the Summer months.

☞ Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.

☞ The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.

☞ An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

☞ A clergyman being opposed to the use of the violin in the church service, was, however, overruled by his congregation, who determined upon having one. On the following Sunday, the parson commenced the service by exclaiming, in long-drawn accents, "You may f-i-d-d-l-e and s-i-n-g the 40th psalm."

☞ A maker of gold pens advertises that *fifteen* years' experience justifies him in asserting that his pens are *everlasting!*

☞ A gentleman was the author of a periodical paper called "*The World.*" In an absent fit, during service one Sunday at Church, he continued sitting when the congregation were standing up, and was roused by his lady with this exclamation: "Mr. Cambridge, what are you thinking of?"—"Of the *next World*, my dear."

☞ The principal study pursued in a *school* of *whales*, is supposed to be elocution—as they are often caught *spouting*.

☞ Marriage is a date prior to sin itself—the only relic of a paradise that is left us—one smile that God let fall on the earth's innocence, lingering and playing still upon its scarred visage.

☞ As an old lady lately was walking through one of the streets of Paris, at midnight, a patrol called out "Who's there?" "It's only I, patrol; don't be afraid!"

☞ Wetherbee, who "drives the White Mountain stage" from Baldwin, is a great wag.—"There's a young woman lying in that ere house yonder," said he to us, as we were riding on the outside with him last summer, "there's a young woman been a lyin' there near about a month, and they haven't buried her yet!" "Why not?" we innocently inquired. "Cause she ain't dead!" quietly remarked Mr. Wetherbee, and then he tickled the ear of the nigh leader slightly with his whip.

☞ Kate Meadows, the actress, who was recently divorced from her husband at New Orleans, is married again.

☞ The Cincinnati Nonpareil says that the most prominent disgrace to the city of Cincinnati, is the Chain Gang, to which men are sentenced to labor, with a large iron ball chained to their limbs, under the cudgel of heartless overseers.

Varieties.

CARRY ME BACK.

Virginia's woods were clothed in green,
When from my home I turned;
With hope to win undying fame,
My youthful genius burned—
I'm dying now in a foreign land,
Life's cherish'd dream is o'er;
Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

I'm dying, dying, all alone,
And not a friend is near,
No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,
Falls on my dying ear.
Oh, for a heart that loves me now,
Ere life's wild dream is o'er,
To carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

It may not be—'neath Italia's sky
Oh, let me gently sleep,
Where sparkling Tiber's yellow waves
To ocean's bosom sweep;
And there in slumbers soft I'll lie,
And dream forevermore,
That you've carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore.

SHORT CHAPTERS ON KISSING BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

When a Baltimore girl is kissed, she says she is taking chloroform, and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts.—*Balt. paper.*

When a Tennessee girl is kissed, she exclaims, "Now put that right back where you got it from!"—*Tenn. paper.*

When a Buckeye girl is kissed, she throws up her hands, and ejaculates, "Blissful moments, how they fly!"—*Cinn. paper.*

When a Louisiana girl is kissed, she gets miffed, and says, "I'd like to see you do that again—I would!"—*N. O. Delta.*

When a Toledo girl is kissed she acts on the principle: "If any one *smack* thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also."—*Toledo Republican.*

When a Chester girl is kissed she says, "Now, if you do that again, I'll retaliate—I will."—*Village Record.*

We may add to the above that when a Philadelphia girl is kissed, she says, in the most innocent manner imaginable, "Yes, you may go and ask my father."

THE RUSH.—Somebody has furnished us with the following dialogue which occurred in this town a few days since, between a ship owner and a stranger:

Stranger—"How much do you ask, Mr. ——, for a cabin passage to California?"

Ship owner—"One hundred dollars cash down, in advance. But I can't take you—all full in the cabin."

Stranger—"Well, suppose I go in the hold, how much do you ask then?"

Ship owner—"Eighty dollars; but I can't take you. Hold is full."

Stranger—"But can't I go in the fore peak?—What is the price of a passage there?"

Ship owner—"Eighty dollars; but I can't take you. Full, fore and aft."

Stranger—"Well, can't I go aloft somewhere? And suppose I do, what will you charge?"

Ship owner—"We charge eighty dollars to go anywhere; but can't carry you aloft—got to carry provisions there."

Stranger—"It is a hard case, isn't it? But as I want to go tolerable bad, what will you charge to tow me?"

The ship owner retreated, suddenly, and didn't make his appearance again till the vessel had sailed.—*Honolulu Polynesian, Oct. 7th.*

INWARD INFLUENCE OR OUTWARD BEAUTY.—Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes. It is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—*Politics for the People.*

BLESSINGS FOR ALL.—"I reckon it," says Miss Martineau, in her new work, "Household Economy," "a great natural blessing, that the main events of human life are common to all, and that it is out of the power of man to spoil the privilege and pleasure of them. Birth, love and death, are beyond the reach of man's perverseness.—They come differently to the wise and foolish, the wicked and the pure; but they come alike to the rich and the poor. The infant finds as warm a bosom in which to nestle in the cottage as in the mansion. The bride and bridegroom know the bliss of being all the world to each other as well in their Sunday walk in the fields as in the park of a royal castle. And, when the mourners stand within the enclosure where 'rich and poor lie down together,' death is the same sad and sweet mystery to all the children of mortality, whether they be elsewhere the lowly or the proud."

OIL OF ANNISEED FOR RATS.—It is a well-known fact that rats entertain an irresistible fondness for anniseed. A gentleman of the name of Bayley, residing in the Hampstead Road, had occasion, a short time since, to take down a small bottle of essential oil of anniseed from a cupboard in his kitchen, which he accidentally let fall, and the bottle was broken, and the contents escaped upon the floor. Before this accident not a rat had for two years been seen upon the premises, but in a day or two afterwards they made their appearance; and at this time swarm to so great an extent that every effort to exterminate them has hitherto proved unavailing.—*Reading Herald.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK.—In some of the poor-law unions of the South, the following receipt has been adopted, by which a considerable saving is effected in the article of milk. So much as ten guineas a week are saved to the rate-payers in one of the unions, from which our correspondent writes:—"Steep one pound of rice in soft water, and next day boil it slowly for two or three hours, so as to reduce the liquid to one gallon, which, added to one gallon of milk, makes two gallons of excellent and nutritive milk, peculiarly wholesome where dysentery is prevalent."—*Downpatrick Recorder.*

A GOOD JOKE.—During the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire-arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon, of Dublin, had *three mortars* in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded, in the King's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them, adding, that, as they were useless without the *pestles*, they were at his Majesty's service.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSON & CO., BROKERS, No. 34 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, April 21, 1849.*

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do.	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1½ dis
Pittsburg	1½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
S. Hope, Del Bridge	90 dis
Yard. Del Bridge co.	19 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	30 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	½ dis
Atlas bank	6a10 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va.&branches	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1½ dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branch	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uso
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	60 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	3½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	3½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2½ dis
Small notes	3½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.—A young lady of New York, who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, visited the Mariner's Church on Sunday last. During the sermon, the pastor discoursed eloquently, and with much earnestness of manner, on the trials, dangers and temptations of the profession of a sailor. He concluded by asking the following question: "Is there one who thinks any thing of him who wears a tarpaulin hat, a blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck?—in short, is there any one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of this young lady, who was sitting by her, immediately jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, "Yes, sir, Beck does!" The audience were convulsed with laughter.

☞ Which are the four most corpulent letters in the alphabet? O, B, C, T. (Obesity.)

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Welsington, E. S. James, Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

E. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Canadas.

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

CHAS. W. SARTORI is our only Collector for New Jersey.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

From the Maine Democrat (Saco) June 22, 1847

WISTAR'S BALSAM.—A few days ago, Mr. Elijah Witham, of Sanford, in our county, being in our office, requested us to publish, for the benefit of the public, his testimony in favor of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. In the fall of 1846, Mr. W. was attacked with a very bad cold, which continued to grow worse till March, when he was confined to the house, with little hope of recovery. Hearing of WISTAR'S BALSAM, he resolved to try it. He soon found relief—and after taking four bottles, was able to go out and attend to business. He ascribes his cure entirely to the Balsam, and recommends those who are it to persevere, even if they do not at once perceive any beneficial results. We are not in the habit of writing puffs for medicines and only give this at the request of Mr. W. ED. DEMOCRAT.

Buy none without the signature of BUTTS.

CAUTION.—The *original and only genuine* WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY was introduced in the year 1838. For ten years it has proved more efficacious as a remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CONSUMPTION in its incipient stages than any other medicine. In consequence of its unbounded popularity this article has been extensively counterfeited. REMEMBER, *the original and only genuine article* always bears the written signature of I. BUTTS on the outside wrapper. Originally prepared by Williams & Co., Philadelphia. Now prepared and sold wholesale and retail only by Seth W. Fowle, Boston, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed, and for sale by his agents, Chas. Shaffer, 215 Market st., Fredk. Brown, corner Fifth and Chesnut, and Geo. K. Smith & Co., 294 North Second street, Philadelphia.

And by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

ALMANAC.

April 1849	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
21 Saturday,	5 19	6 41	12 56	
22 Sunday,	5 18	6 42	1 38	D. H. M.
23 Monday,	5 17	6 43	2 31	
24 Tuesday,	5 15	6 45	3 39	
25 Wedn'sday,	5 14	6 46	4 30	Full 7 10 46
26 Thursday,	5 13	6 47	5 32	Last 15 2 6
27 Friday,	5 12	6 48	6 33	New 22 6 56
28 Saturday,	5 11	6 49	7 30	First 29 9 19

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock
April 8,	59	68	71
9,	54	63	69
10,	47	51	54
11,	51	59	67
12,	49	60	70
13,	60	70	71
14,	44	54	50

Marriages.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. PYLE, of this city, to Miss MARTHA M. FOLWELL, of Moorestown, N. J.

On the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. JOHN P. MARTIN, to Miss EMMA E. FAY, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. F. FANE STILSON, to Miss MARY HUTCHINSON, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. D. Howard, of Frankford, JONATHAN K. FOLWELL, of this city, to LETITIA F. BUCKIUS, of the former place.

On the 17th inst. by Friends' ceremony, JOEL J. BAILY, to SUSAN L. daughter of Wm. D. Jones, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. at Mount Jefferson, Pa. by the Rev. A. G. Harned, Mr. STEPHEN E. SITES, to Miss MARY A. DAVIS, both of Summit Hill, Carbon county, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Irwin, Mr. HENRY LYE, to Miss CAROLINE BRITTON, all of this city.

On the 12th instant, by Ald. J. Mitchell, EDWARD PHILLEY, of this city, to ELIZABETH A. WALTON, daughter of the late Jeremiah Walton, of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. H. C. Gilroy, ROBERT ZEVINS, of Virginia, to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Benj. Rowland, of Cheltenham Township, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. O'Dwyer, E. A. RAUTENBERG, to MARY A. MARSHALL, both of this city.

In Kensington, on the 10th inst. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN S. UREE, Jr. to Miss EMELINE M. RAMBO.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOSEPH LORD, to Miss MARGARET MANN.

In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. C. Webster, Mr. ISAAC L. MOORE, to Miss HARRIET COULTAS, both of Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Higgins, Rev. C. J. JONES, to Miss MARTHA BAKER, all of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. ALBERT C. BRAND, to Miss ADALINE G. FLETCHER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. at Mount Laffee, near Pottsville, by the Rev. Mr. Starkey, Mr. W. W. BLAKSLEE, of Nesquehoning, to Miss TAMAR BEADLE, of the former place.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. G. S. Webb, Mr. D. MENIER, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH VAUTIER, of Passyunk Township, Philadelphia county.

On the 5th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, GEORGE H. EARLE to ELLEN FRANCES, daughter of Isaac W. Van Leer, of Nantmeal, Chester county.

Deaths.

On the 13th inst. Miss ELIZA A. TAYLOR, aged 39.
On the 12th inst. Mr. JAMES MARTIN, aged 48.
On the 13th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE FEARON, aged 43.
On the 13th inst. WM. MCCUIN, aged 50 years.
On the 12th inst. Mr. FIRMAN B. HARRIS, aged 50.
On the 13th inst. Mrs. MARGARET HYLAND, aged 94 years.
On the 12th inst. ANN, daughter of John and Letitia Simpson, aged 5 months.
On the 11th inst. ANNA MARIA, wife of Peter Conway, aged 18 years.
On the 13th inst. WM. H. KIRKNER, aged 23 years.
On the 11th inst. Mrs. REBECCA BOSBY.
On the 10th inst. Mr. DAVID PARKINSON, aged 52.
On the 12th inst. MARY, daughter of David and Margaret J. Dickson, aged 3 years.
On the 11th inst. MARY EMMA, daughter of Philip and Maria Hamilton, aged 4 years and 3 months.
On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARGARET HOOVER, aged 40.
On the 12th inst. Mr. SAMUEL S. SINES, aged 28.
On the 13th instant, MARY, daughter of Henry and Anne White.
On the 13th instant, ROBERT DOUGHERTY, aged 15 months.
On the 11th inst. Mr. JONATHAN F. CAMMIN, aged 40.
On the 12th inst. ELIZABETH SWITZER, aged 12.
On the 12th inst. RICHARD CORBELL, aged 50.
On the 10th inst. WM. ELLWOOD, son of Wm. and Anna Pote, aged 3 months.
On the 11th inst. MARGARET, daughter of Samuel and Ann E. Tudor.
At Fort Scott, Mo. on the 1st of March, HENRY A. RUDOLPH, son of John and Margaretta Rudolph, of Philadelphia.
On the 11th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE MERRY.
On the 11th inst. Mrs. ANN BREES, aged 71 years.
On the 11th inst. JOSEPHINE MARGARETTA, daughter of Wm. F. and Ann E. Revile.
On the 10th inst. MARY L. daughter of John C. and Eliza Richards, aged 4 years and 6 months.
On the 9th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of Oscar C. M. Caines.
On the 11th inst. ELIZABETH MARTEN, aged 75.
On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY HOCKER, aged 78.
On the 10th inst. ROBERT, son of John and Tempy A. Haig, aged 5 months.
On the 16th inst. Mr. JAMES WILEY, aged 63 years.
On the 9th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH LUFFEY.
On the 10th inst. Mrs. MARY A. READING, aged 35.
On the 10th inst. SUSANNAH A. KEMAN, aged 47.

CHURCH AND PARLOR ÆOLIANS.

WARDEN'S ÆOLIANS—AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CHURCH OR PARLOR ORGAN. Having supplied a large number of instruments to Churches, Lecture Rooms, Lodges, and private individuals, the subscriber feels confidence in recommending them for extreme beauty and power of tone, subject to no variation by heat or cold, consequently always in order—varying in price from $55 to $ 60 each. The Chapel in the Girard College—Lecture Room of St. Paul's Church, Third street below Walnut—Christ Church, Pottstown, Pa.—Church of the Messiah, Port Richmond—Presbyterian Church, Green Hill—Grace Church, Haddonfield, N. J., &c. &c., may be mentioned as using these instruments. Strangers and citizens are invited to examine.

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N. B.—Mr. Warden delivers the instruments in person, and performs on them on their introduction into Church. ap21 3t*

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Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 31st March to the 9th April.

March 31, received from			
L. Miller	82 00	B. T. Chapman	5 00
J. McIntyre	2 00	J. R. Holt	5 00
A. McIntyre, Jr.	2 00	A. P. Magrath	2 00
J. R. Smith	8 00	L. A. Miller	21 00
G. W. Henry	30 00	W. Van Derveer	2 00
E. J. Williams	5 00	Mrs. W. Worth	4 00
H. Francis	5 00	Mrs. M. Ott	2 00
J. P. & D. C. Morgan	2 00	E. Statler	2 00
F. H. Knight	4 00	B. B. Booth	2 00
W. A. Coulter	30 00	F. A. M. Heister	1 00
D. Reed	2 00	S. & D. Carr	10 00
H. Weaver	5 00	N. W. Lesher & Co.	15 00
W. S. Vanhorn	1 00	Miss E. L. Mays	2 00
O. Clark	2 00		
April 2.			
J. S. Mont	3 00	J. Ballou	5 00
F. Mahan	2 00	J. J. Huckaboe	2 00
H. Jones	6 25	Dr. H. Kibble	2 00
R. Rankin	5 00	Miss E. J. Webb	2 00
Miss S. A. Crawford	2 00	J. W. Miller	5 00
B. F. Newcomer	6 00	O. T. Casey	10 00
S. Wight	5 00	W. Old	5 00
W. W. Chilcott	14 00	W. L. M. Auston	6 00
L. N. Fowler	5 00	J. Dinkel, Jr.	3 00
J. B. Sweet	6 25	M. J. Hess	10 00
A. Richards	10 00	S. S. Porter	10 00
S. McCalla	14 00	O. W. Bushnell	21 00
C. Dill	5 00	H. V. Bear	5 00
J. C. Porterfield	5 00	H. Upham	2 00
W. Breeden	6 00	W. P. Upham	2 00
J. G. Brookman	2 00	J. Bradley	2 00
G. K. McVannan	25 00	C. A. Cottrell	2 00
A. M. Sibiock	10 00	T. V. Wilson	4 06
J. Cowher	2 00	R. Crawford	2 00
Wells & Cooper	15 00	J. M. Chevis	2 00
J. D. Woodley	10 00		
April 3.			
E. Fabere	10 00	D. Dillon	2 00
W. H. Churchman	2 00	W. Corbin	10 00
J. Stevenson	2 00	J. M. Barnes	10 00
H. L. Brown	4 00	J. C. Irwin	10 00
J. Jones	2 00	E. H. Williams	10 00
T. G. Stout	10 00	J. Schweitzer	12 00
J. L. Tustin	2 00	M. Cooper	2 00
Dr. C. A. Hardy	2 00	J. Knapp	5 00
Miss M. Demore	2 00	S. Brainerd	20 00
A. Cline	2 00	E. Collings	2 00
J. C. Lillard	2 00	T. W. Walton	3 00
S. Hubbell	2 00	Capt. J. G. Oliver	5 00
C. J. Peters	2 00	G. Pellit	4 00
Mrs. J. Swager	2 00	Miss S. C. Gandy	2 00
F. K. Kendrick	5 00	Mrs. H. K. Hoyle	2 00
T. J. Cocke	1 00		
April 4.			
A. A. Southworth	5 00	J. H. Andrus	4 00
J. A. Lord	5 00	Dr. W. H. Latham	10 00
A. E. McClone	2 50	Miss W. S. Kane	2 00
Ann Culbertson	6 00	Mrs. E. A. Shewell	2 00
P. G. Schlosser	2 00	B. B. & T. Reed	10 00
T. S. Steaman	2 00	S. H. McCaley & Co.	10 00
W. S. Thompson	5 00	W. M. Nottie & Co.	15 00
F. J. Ribble	2 00	Dr. J. T. Wright	2 00
S. Barksdale	5 00	S. & T. Jervis	10 00
S. N. Palmer	3 00		
April 5.			
G. D. Bobo	2 00	D. J. Boydoon	5 00
D. S. Ordway	2 00	R. Stranger	2 00
H. P. Shaw	1 00	J. Gibson	1 00
C. W. James	25 00	A. J. Wright & Co.	10 00
T. H. Watkins	2 00	W. A. Nase	1 00
M. W. Coulter	5 00	A. M. Wright & Co.	10 00
J. S. Keise	2 00	Mrs. O. White	1 25
J. Riese	1 25	A. Grozier	2 00
J. Fooks	5 00	J. Kedman	2 00
T. R. Suter	2 00	S. S. Kelly	2 00
A. Carter	4 00	J. Walker	5 00
J. R. Watson	1 00	C. Kemble	1 00
A. M. Maple	5 00	J. Rawlins	5 00
J. K. Long	30 00	Miss L. Smith	2 00
L. D. Hovey	5 00	Mrs. H. S. Morris	2 00
W. Hickerson	10 00	T. & W. Estille	10 00
April 6.			
H. McMullen	13 75	A. P. Brown	7 00
S. Sharpless	2 00	W. F. Powell	2 00
D. E. Hance	2 00	J. Atkinson	2 00
J. Harrison	2 00	W. Baker	1 25
T. Speakman	4 00	Mrs. C. E. Marsh	2 00
T. E. Deacon	15 00	Miss H. J. Healy	2 00
D. Painter	2 00	A. W. Becker & Co.	15 00
S. Thistlewait	2 00	S. & T. Childs	10 00
W. Wilson	5 00	R. W. Dennis & Co.	13 00
S. L. Holt	10 00	B. M. Roberts & Co.	10 00
M. Atkinson	5 00	Dr. W. L. Jenks	2 00
April 7.			
Miss S. L. Bowie	2 00	D. Ritchie	2 00
Mrs. W. Eakin	2 00	M. Moore	2 00
Miss J. E. Palmer	2 00	J. W. Harris	3 00
T. G. Snyder	20 00	J. N. Crawford	15 00
A. Wright	4 88	D. Farhart & Co.	21 00
S. C. Atkinson	10 00	R. B. Martin	5 00
Mrs. Weyman	2 00	P. A. Bodes	2 00
J. R. Smoot	2 00	C. P. May	2 00
C. B. Mott	7 00	J. Heywood	4 00
A. Metcalf	5 00	J. C. Shires	5 00
J. E. Crane	7 50	J. B. Interhoff	5 00
M. E. Harmon	1 00	F. Kreley	2 00
G. Lamphear	1 00	Mrs. C. S. Polsey	2 00
J. N. Snowden	21 00	Miss R. A. Clymer	2 00
D. L. Dantzler	5 00	C. S. Wortley & Co.	15 00
April 9.			
J. Wood	5 00	J. H. Butler	2 00
T. A. Clark	2 00	D. L. Grimes	7 50
L. Lowndes	2 00	J. C. Hutchinson	1 00
J. S. McHenry	4 50	W. H. Myrick	2 00
A. McKinstry	2 00	E. Jackson	16 00
J. S. Thornton	2 00	M. E. Vail	20 00
J. D. Chambers	5 00	C. Durfee	2 00
J. A. Weils	7 00	W. O. Baley	20 00
J. M. B. Clark	10 00	W. G. Colston	2 00
H. Baker	13 00	H. C. Gleason	20 00
J. S. Haldeman	2 00	P. Adams	1 00
R. D. Macnair	2 00	W. B. Hikman	20 00
R. W. Thomas	1 00	B. A. Satterthwait	24 00
F. D. Ingersoll	2 00	W. C. Taylor	20 00
A. Somes	2 00	J. C. Jones	5 00
R. D. Wimberly	5 00	K. G. Carter	20 00
D. Shrewsbury	10 00	G. Wilson	2 00

THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR 1849.

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

EDITED by Sarah J. Hale, Grace Greenwood and L. A. Godey.

A Novellette by Miss E. LESLIE, who contributes to every No.

N. P. WILLIS'S Original Scriptural Poetry.

T. S. ARTHUR, who contributes to every No., illustrative of Croome's Sketches of American Character.

We intend merely to give a notice of our intentions for next year, leaving to others long advertisements—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Agreeably to the practice of last year, the publisher will issue as good a number each month as he does in January. This is a novel feature in Magazine publishing. During the whole of last year he gave more engravings and more reading matter than any of his contemporaries, and will continue to do so next year. Those who subscribe to GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK may do so under the assurance that they will receive more for their money in the Magazine alone, than by subscribing to any other work. To this is added and included in the same $3.00, the LADY'S DOLLAR NEWSPAPER, which contains in one month nearly, if not quite as much reading matter as the other monthlies, making for $3 the amount of reading of two magazines a month.

Godey's Lady's Book for the last ten years has had THESE ARE PECULIARITIES which no other Magazine possesses. There is a Mezzotint and Line Engraving in each number—both by the best artists. In addition to these, there are given monthly what no other magazine gives—a Colored Fashion Plate, with a full description. This feature is peculiar to Godey, as no other work has them every month and colored. Then there are Caps, Bonnets, Chemisettes, Equestrian costumes for Ladies, with Engravings. The Ladies' Work Table, with designs for knitting, netting, crochet, and all other kinds of work. Patterns for Smoking Caps, Chair Covers, Window Curtains, Gloves, Purses, Bags, &c. &c. Health and Beauty, with Engravings. Model Cottages, with ground plans, and other engravings, always illustrative of something useful. Music, beautifully printed on tinted paper, which may be taken out and bound. Colored Modern Cottages, and Colored Flower Pieces occasionally. These are all extra in Godey, and to be found in no other Magazine. These were all given last year, and will be continued. In addition, we shall have in every No., one of

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Having given so many Model Cottages, we intend now to commence the publication of Cottage Furniture—a very necessary appendage to a Cottage.

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For One Dollar we will send the Lady's Book five months, and for 25 cents any one No. Postage to be paid on all orders.

Address, L. A. GODEY, 113 Chesnut st., Philadelphia.

With any newspaper giving the above a few insertions we will exchange. 1t

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Manufactory and store 347 Race street below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.

ap14 1y ROBERT W. KENSIL, Practical Blindmaker.

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N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 28-1y

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

CONTAINING MORE LITERARY AND NEWS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER TWO DOLLAR PAPER IN PHILADELPHIA—AND FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF CITY WEEKLIES.

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8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book or Sartain's Union Magazine for SIX DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

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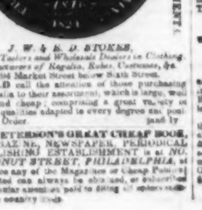

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Selected Poetry.

TO AGATHA.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

Bid me not cease to love thee—though all gaily
My heart's best gifts are lavished on thy shrine—
Though happiness and hope seem wrecked immensely,
Since well I know thou never canst be mine!
Yet, dearest! by the heaven that smiles above thee,
By the good angels with their pitying eyes,
I pray thee say not I must cease to love thee—
My passion dies not till my being dies!

My memory yields no word that thou hast spoken,
No smile of thine has distance power to dim;
The world may keep them, but their spell, unbroken,
Holds me in thrall, as songs of seraphim.
I dream of thee by night, and, like a vision,
Thou glidest through my day-dreams, till my heart
Grows faint with too much love, and airs elysian
Seem whispering sweetest tales of all thou art!

Will the lone dove that fans, with weary pinion,
The weltering waters, ever forget her ark?
Will Love's proud bird forsake his cloud dominion,
And leave the sunbeam for the glow-worm's spark?
Or to the waning moon will amorous ocean
Stretch longing arms no more!—nor violets ope
To the warm kiss of May, with meek devotion?
Her youth cling fondly to its dearest hope?

Bid me not cease to love thee—though I never
May hope to win an answering love from thee—
Thine, "beyond refuge"—I am thine forever,
Nor power nor will is mine to set me free!
The radiant morning and the dewy even,
The solemn night, the myriad stars above,
The infinite sea, the all-embracing heaven,
Tell me of thee and bid me still to love!

No more I ask thee to return my passion—
Thy pity, even, no longer I implore—
For hopeless love, sublimed to adoration,
Lifts the sad soul from griefs it knew before,
And braids its gloom with sunbeams! Gloom and glory,
Ideal joy and passionate sorrow—
Why, *this is life*—and mine repeats the story;
Yet, life being *love*, to live is to be blest.

Singular Story.

INTERESTING STORY OF A DOG.

Within the precincts of Windsor Castle there is a small marble monument, on which may be read the following inscription:—

BENEATH THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF A BEING
WHO WAS POSSESSED OF BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCE,
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICES.
THIS PRAISE WOULD BE BUT EMPTY FLATTERY
WERE IT INSCRIBED UPON THE ASHES OF A HUMAN BEING.
AND YET IT IS ONLY WHAT IS DUE TO THE MEMORY
OF THE DOG BOATSWAIN:
BORN IN NEWFOUNDLAND MAY 1801—
DIED AT WINDSOR 18TH NOVEMBER 1815.

Some few particulars regarding this remarkable dog, who, though unknown to fame, bore no inconsiderable part in the history of his day, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Boatswain was born in Newfoundland, as his epitaph sets forth, in the month of May, 1801. He was brought to England, while still a pup, by Captain Philips of the Royal Navy, who undertook the charge of his early nurture and education. The pupil quickly rewarded his master's care by the rapid development of his superior qualities. At two years old, Boatswain was the finest animal of his breed that was anywhere to be met with; his coat was of an iron-gray color, spotted with tan; he had a majestic head, eyes full of fire, and yet of gentleness, and a broad well-formed tail, which seemed to be continually in movement. To all this it must be added that he was generous, brave, and disinterested—in fact, possessed of all the virtues which are enumerated in his epitaph. It will therefore be readily understood that Captain Philips's dog soon became a universal favorite, and it was not long before his fame reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who laughingly offered promotion to the captain if he would make him a present of his dog. Philips was much vexed, but replied, as in duty bound, that he would be only too happy to have it in his power to contribute in anyway to the pleasure of his Royal Highness. In the course of two days after this conversation, Boatswain was transferred to Windsor, where an elegant little pavillion, in the Chinese style, was constructed expressly for his use.

Up to the year 1804, Boatswain contented himself with basking in the sunshine of courtly ease. At this period, however, he began to bear a part in the politics of the day. England was on the point of a rupture with France, and the ministry were very desirous of securing, without further delay, the co-operation of the northern powers. Matters had not, however, as yet been brought definitively to a point. At this period the diplomatic body were one day invited to share the courtly hospitality of Carlton House; and they had not been long assembled before the P—— Ambassador was engaged in an animated conversation with the Prince of Wales, who, although at this time exercising but little sway over his father's councils, could not but feel interested, both as an Englishman, and as heir to the British throne, in the success of the negotiations which were then on foot. At a little distance stood one of the envoys from the French court, a skilful diplomatist, who enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the First Consul. The Prince was seeking, with all that graceful and winning eloquence which he so well knew how to employ, to convince the Ambassador of the advantages which would accrue to all parties from the great northern powers uniting with England in an offensive and defensive alliance. The Ambassador, still unconvinced, made only evasive replies to all the arguments employed by his royal host; and feeling himself somewhat hard pressed, was not a little relieved when Boatswain, who was often on these occasions a favored guest, came bounding joyously into the room.

"What a noble animal! exclaimed the P—— Ambassador.

"Yes," replied the Prince, "he is a fine fellow, and well trained into the bargain. He is a first-rate fetcher and carrier, as I will prove to you directly."

Boatswain was standing by the side of the French Envoy, and seemed to be chewing something between his teeth.

"Here, Boatswain!" exclaimed the Prince. The dog advanced towards him, and with an inimitable grace peculiar to himself, presented him an open letter. "This is doubtless some stray paper which he has picked up in my study," said the Prince, taking it from the animal, and glancing hastily at its contents. It was addressed to the French Envoy, and contained only these few words:—

"SIR—I am writing to my Ambassador, as well as to yourself, this matter being one of the utmost importance. Any *rapprochement* between the Court of St. James's and the P—— Ambassador must be prevented, no matter at what cost. The latter is a man of a narrow and self-sufficient mind: you will not find it very difficult to influence him.

"BONAPARTE, *First Consul*."

When his Royal Highness had perused this document, he turned towards the Ambassador, and said with a smile, "Boatswain made a yet happier discovery than I had anticipated—he has brought to light something which concerns your excellency.'

"Me!" exclaimed the diplomatist.

"Yes: read this, and judge for yourself."

The Ambassador read as he was desired, and the First Consul's letter effected more in one moment than the Prince's eloquence in an hour. From this day forward the irritated diplomatist became the most ardent partisan of war, and his despatches to his own government decided the King of P—— in favor of the coalition.

Such was the first act of Boatswain's political career, which had its share in producing one of the bloodiest wars that has desolated Europe. He, in the meanwhile, all unconscious of the part he bore in these great events, lost nothing of the original simplicity and modesty of his character; and indeed it must be confessed that not long after this, his reputation, subject to the mutability of all human affairs, began somewhat to diminish in the world. The Prince's passion for dogs became merged in one for horses, and he made a present of his old favorite to the well-known Beau Brummell. He sold it for three hundred guineas to the Duke of Richmond, the Duke for two hundred to the Marquis of Argyle, the Marquis for a hundred and fifty to Viscount Mersford, and the Viscount for ninety to Lord Ross. It was evident that Boatswain was no longer held in due estimation. At last, however, he was so fortunate as to find a master who was worthy of him. Lord Ross gave him to a physician, who was also a fellow of the Royal Society. This new owner happened to be one of those original men who hold animals in higher esteem than they do their fellow-creatures in general. He consequently attached himself warmly to Boatswain, who fully returned his affection. Before long, our *savant* sought permission to visit France, a permission at that time accorded *only* to literary men; for Bonaparte, with all his faults, never made war against science. Not satisfied with this concession, the doctor also sought and obtained an interview with the Emperor at St. Cloud. Napoleon received his guest at his breakfast table, and as he sipped his cup of chocolate, discussed divers scientific subjects, until their conversation was interrupted by a low and long-continued moaning at the door. Bonaparte rose to see from whence this noise proceeded.

"Sire," replied the doctor, who was, as we have said, an original, "it is only one of my friends who is at the door; and as he is seldom absent from my side, he is complaining after his own fashion."

"Well," replied the Emperor, graciously, "I shall be charmed at having the pleasure of making your friend's acquaintance."

The door was accordingly opened, and Boatswain, with a thousand gambols, bounded towards his master; but, as ill-luck would have it, in his joyous career, he overset a splendid vase of Sevres china, and shattered it to atoms. The agonized *savant* seized a chair, and was about to fling it at the dog, when Napoleon calmly arrested him, saying, "Sir, the vase can easily be replaced, but such a dog as this it would be hard to match; I must therefore plead for his forgiveness."

The doctor did not require to be asked a second time to pardon his favorite; and Boatswain, who seemed perfectly well aware of all that had passed, turned towards his protector with a sparkling and grateful eye. Bonaparte patted his head, and said, turning towards the doctor, "It is not often that *men* are so grateful. What a pity it is that this dumb animal has not as good a memory as they!"

"Sire," replied the Englishman, "Boatswain *seldom* forgets an *injury*, and *never* a *kindness*."

"Ah!" said Napoleon, sadly; "is it so? Then, sir, thanks to you, this day has not been lost." Boatswain wagged his tail, as if to certify to the Emperor that he was not mistaken.

Thus terminated the audience. The doctor returned to his island home; Bonaparte went forth at the head of his victorious armies; but soon was he destined to be arrested in his triumphant career. In 1814, as is well-known, he was precipitated from the imperial throne, and banished to the sea-girt prison of the island of Elba.

In the meantime our friend Boatswain was growing old in one of the suburbs of London. His master, the *savant*, was dead, and the faithful animal had passed, with the rest of his property, into the hands of his heir. It is said that his faculties were beginning to fail him, and he led the quiet, contemplative life of a philosopher, who has seen much, reflected much, and come to the conclusion that the less we try to meddle with the government of the world, the better it is likely to be, both as concerns ourselves and others.

His quondam protector, Napoleon Bonaparte, was, unfortunately, not of the same opinion. In his retreat, he was busily engaged in planning the means of re-entering France, and meditating over new campaigns; though few who witnessed the care with which he attended to the government of his miniature kingdom, and the general easy *insouciance* of his demeanor, could have supposed him to be laboring with such vast designs. In one of his rambles on the shore during this anxious interval, he encountered some of the officers of an English man-of-war, which was lying off the island. They requested from one of his suite the honor of being presented to the Emperor—a request readily accorded to. A circle was quickly formed, the captain improvised an address, to which Bonaparte was commencing a courteous reply, when suddenly an enormous dog, dashing into the midst of the group, came bounding towards the Emperor, and with every demonstration of joy, laid himself at his feet.

"Down, Boatswain, down!" exclaimed the captain, looking much discomposed.

On hearing the name of Boatswain, Bonaparte smiled, and turning to the young man, whilst with one hand he caressed the noble animal, he said, "May I ask who gave you this dog?"

"Sire, he belonged to my father."

"You are then the son of Dr. M——?"

"Yes, sire," replied the captain, with a bow.

"I am delighted to hear it, sir, both for your sake and mine. It has also procured me the pleasure of seeing once more an old protege of mine, whom I recognise by his gratitude as well as by his name." He then narrated to the officer the adventure at St. Cloud.

On the day succeeding this rencontre, there was a grand ball at Porto-Ferrajo. All the guests were already assembled; they were only awaiting the Emperor. But few amongst them were aware that at that moment Bonaparte, profiting by the darkness of the night, was marching towards the port at the head of his grenadiers. "We are going to France?" whispered the veterans, one to another, as they marched onwards amidst the distant rolling of the storm. Towards the sea the sky was illuminated from time to time by a vivid flash of lightning, which seemed to point out to the exiled soldiers their only pathway towards that home which they loved so well. Already the little band had reached the shore, when suddenly a tumult was heard amongst the advanced guard.

The Emperor inquired the cause.

"Sire, it is an Englishman, who has just been arrested on suspicion of being a spy. The soldiers were with difficulty restrained from massacring him on the spot."

Napoleon immediately gave orders that the prisoner should be strictly guarded, and brought on board ship with them, in order that he might not give the alarm. They now commenced the embarkation, to accomplish which, each was obliged to pass into the boats over a long plank. In doing this, Bonaparte lost his equilibrium, and fell into the sea, which at that spot was already very deep. From the darkness of the night, and in the confusion of the moment, his disappearance was not perceived. Farewell to the double revolution of the Hundred days!—farewell to the Battle of Waterloo!—to the tragedy of St. Helena! It seemed as if the warrior's career was now about to close forever. But that Providence, which often accomplishes great ends by trivial means, had ordered it otherwise. Swifter than lightning, a dark body was seen to plunge into the water, and after diving three times, to re-appear with the body of Napoleon! It was Boatswain, who was acquitting himself of the debt he had contracted at St. Cloud!

When they reached the ship, the Emperor changed his clothes; and on mounting to the deck, quickly recognized in the prisoner Captain M——, his acquaintance of the preceding day.

"Ah! is it you, sir?" exclaimed Bonaparte, with a smile. "It seems that you are in the habit of taking very early walks!"

"Sire," replied the prisoner, "I was waiting for my boat to return to my ship, and imagined every one else was at the ball; but it seems to me that I have been taken prisoner without any declaration of war."

"It is an English habit," replied the Emperor, still smiling. "But where is my friend Boatswain?"

"He has been shut up, sire, lest his familiarities should prove troublesome to you."

"Would to Heaven," said Napoleon, with a sigh, "that all my friends resembled him! But, *apropos*, *sir*, does this arrest inconvenience you much?"

"It does, indeed, most seriously; I was just about to set sail for England."

"Well, then, we will give you a passage thither, *gratis*, through France; perhaps I may even have the honor of conducting you myself to London!"

How *this* brief dream of glory ended is well known to all. As for Boatswain, the real hero of our story, he was brought back in safety to England, and died not long after in his old abode in Windsor Park, where he had been reinstated by order of the Prince Regent, who caused the above epitaph to be engraven on his tomb.

Wit and Humor.

AMATEUR ACTING.

Edgar P. Tomkins is a stage-struck young man, engaged by day in butchering sheep, and by night in butchering Shakspeare, being a member of a dramatic association called the "Othello Corps." Last night Edgar was "cast" for the part of Romeo—which he meant to execute with much spirit, and therefore imbibed half a pint of Jamaica before he set out for the room which serves this Corps for a theatre—situated in Sugar Alley. The operation of the Jamaica involved Edgar in a slight mistake,—for when he reached the junction of High and Third streets, he mistook the end of the market house for the stage on which he was to figure that evening, and immediately commenced the recitation of his part, 'once and all,' making the hollow roof resound with his amorous declamations. He had reached the garden scene, and repeated with good emphasis—

"But soo!—what light through yonder window breaks! It is the east—"

when a watchman who had heard, as he thought, the acknowledgment of a misdemeanor,—came up to inquire what windows had been broken. Mr. Tomkins continued—

"and Juliet is my sun."

"A mighty queer name for a son," observed the watchman. "Juliet ought to have been a darter."

The Thespian went on—

"It is my lady!—yes, it is my love."

"By Golley!—that is a good one," observed the officer. "Takes me for a lady, eh!—and the chap's fell in love with me, he says. Wonder if he ain't soft-soaping me!"

"What art thou!—Tybalt!"—cried Tomkins, whose eyes now, for the first time, discerned the the watchman in the shadow of the market-house."

"No, sir;—that is not my name."

"Who then—Benvolio?"

"No, sir—my name's not Ben Wolyoe, either;—and if it was, you might have the manners to call me Benjamin."

"Art thou a Capolet?" demanded Tomkins.

"A cap to let!—no, I hain't;—and if I had, I shouldn't like to trust you with it."

"Where's Juliet?" inquired Tomkins, anxiously.

"Well, that's more than I can say," answered Watch, "but if she's a decent gal, she's in bed, where you ought to be."

"I! no, I don't go there till the fourth act. Don't you know I climb up to her room by a rope-ladder!"

"Oh, you do! Here's a precious piece of rascality. Going to climb into a gal's room, eh! Dog my cats if you do, this night, any how. Come, tramp is the word. I'll show you a more convenient bed room, and you won't want any rope ladder to climb up to it."

Romeo (it appears from the record,) did not appear at the "Association" that night,—but a respectable Philadelphia butcher was invited to appear at the Police Office next morning, and enter bail for the good behaviour of his eldest apprentice, Edgar P. Tomkins.—*Pennsylvanian*.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—In the first place, remember, in sustaining a light and polished dialogue, that to go on saying *anything* is infinitely better than coming to a dead stop and saying *nothing*.

Never bungle, hesitate, or correct yourself. Let the stream of words flow easily; and as in taking care of the pence, the pounds are said to take care of themselves, so in managing well your forms of diction, the sense must be often left to its own guidance.

As a substitute for a particular word, "What's its name" is always at hand, and is preferable to "Thingemybob," which is decidedly vulgar.

In the absence of argument, the logical "of course" is invaluable.

"All that sort of thing," admirably supplies the place of general knowledge.

"As the poet says," will account for any quotation from any or no author in existence.

"In the middle ages," or "in the days of Louis XIV.," is a capital date to work upon.

It is convenient to assume, by the way, that Dr. Johnson, Theodore Hook, or Sidney Smith, were the heroes of all the anecdotes you are in the habit of repeating. For example—

"Hook one day observing to Johnson that he did not patronise vegetables; the doctor replied, winking at Sidney Smith, who sat opposite, "Sir, I believe I once tasted a pea!"—*Puppet Show*.

PROTESTING A NOTE.—Accommodation notes are, it appears, sometimes given as a mere means of "raising the wind;" at least, this was the case when one which was sent a few days ago to Mr ——, one of our best known notaries, for "notice of non-payment." Happening to know the drawer, the worthy officer called upon him in person. The former, seeing him approach his residence, met him at the door, and welcomed him in.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. ——."

"So am I you," replied the officer; "I have a note of yours sent to me for protest."

"Ah! very well, do you get anything for the job?"

"Certainly, I shall get one dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents, if you do not pay the note now."

"Indeed! Well, I'm glad that somebody gets paid for it; for, when I gave it, I did not expect anybody would ever get a cent for it, for I haven't a dollar in the world."

The notary instantly recollected an errand in the next street.

PERFECT GIFT OF STAMMERING.—A blacksmith in the State of New York was summoned as a witness in Court, between two of his workmen. The Judge after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum, viz.: seventy-five cents.

He replied "I to-o-old the fo-o-ols to se-e-ettle; for, I said, the co-o-on-stables would take their co-oats, the lawyers their sh-ir-irts, and if they got into your honor's court, you'd sk-sk-sk-skin 'em!

FACTS.—He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life.

He who has a long nose will have the more to blow and an easy one to pull.

He that is bald will have no hair—but if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald place.

Women who have curious eyebrows will in all likelihood have eye-lashes under them and will be beloved, if any one takes a sufficient liking to them.

TWO GOOD REASONS.—A minister went the other day to a curate of a parish, and offered to perform the service for him on the ensuing Sunday.

The curate flatly refused his consent. The minister, surprised at his refusal, asked his reason.

"Why, I will tell you," said the curate—"if you preach better than I do, my parishioners will think I never ought to get into the pulpit again; and if you preach worse, I am sure you never ought to enter one yourself."

A JUVENILE HERSCHEL.—A FACT.—On a recent moon-light night, a mother had the following observation made to her by her son:—

"It must be nonsense, mother, about there being folks in the moon!"

"What way, my man?"

"Oh, because how could they crush themselves together when it's only *half moon*!"

Mamma (grinning)—"May be the folk are like spy-glasses, shut themselves in."

☞ "What shall I help you to?" inquired the daughter of a landlady, of a modest youth at the dinner table.

"A wife," was the meek reply.

The young lady blushed, *perhaps* indignantly, and it is said the kindly offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.—*Yankee Blade*.

QUALIFIED ABUSE.—"I wish to know, sir, if you called me an ass?"

"Yes, sir, but I qualified it."

"Aha! sir, you qualified it, did you? The better for you, sir; and pray how did you qualify it?"

"I said you were an ass, sir—all but the ears."

VERY PROBABLE.—We were looking for the latest report upon gentlemen's fashions lately; a New York house says "there is not much change in gentleman's pants, this month! Very likely.

A MISTAKE.—"It is all very true, Mr. Knickerbocker," said Mrs. Partington, as she read in the last Knickerbocker something concerning brevity and simplicity of expression: "it's true as you say; and how many mistakes does happen when folks don't understand each other! why, last summer I told a dress-maker to make me a long visite, to wear, and would you believe it she came and staid a fortnight with me! Since then I've made it a pint always to speak just what I say." Her mouth grew down to a determined pucker at the end of the sentence, and the snuff box was tapped energetically, as if the fortnight of unrequited bread and butter was laying heavy on her memory.—*Post*.

WHAT SHE SAID.—"Cousin William," said a merry, mischievous young girl, "what do you think I heard a pretty lass say of you?"

"I don't know—something good, I hope. Who was it, coz?"

"She'n't tell you! but it's the truth—a very pretty girl did say something about you."

"Well, tell me what it was."

"I shan't—unless you will give me that annual that you bought."

"Well, agreed—you shall have it—now tell me."

"Well, now—don't blush so—she said you were the *ugliest looking man she ever laid eyes on*!"

HOW TO DO IT.—A gentleman, being forced to sell a pair of his oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him the next year. The servant answered him, he would serve him for more of his cattle.

"But what shall I do," said the master, "when all my cattle are gone?"

The servant replied,

"You shall then serve me, and so you will get your cattle again."

Selected Articles.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

BY ELIZA COOK.

We have faith in old proverbs full surely,
For Wisdom has traced what they tell,
And Truth may be drawn up as purely
From them, as it may from "a well."
Let us question the thinkers and doers,
And hear what they honestly say,
And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers,
In "Where there's a will there's a way."

The hills have been high for Man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his axe,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his tracks,
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been broad for his sway,
But bravely he's proved in his striving,
That "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye vices that ask a destroyer?
Or passions that need your control?
Let Reason become your employer,
And your body be ruled by your soul.
Fight on, though ye bleed in the trial,
Resist with all strength that ye may,
Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial,
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye Poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.
Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghosts of Despair and Dismay,
And much may be gained by relying
On "Where there's a will there's a way."

Should ye see afar off what's worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust;
And ne'er heed if your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust;
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through it,
For "Where there's a will there's a way."

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

PROVERBS.—There are two proverbial sayings which may be just alluded to, particularly as one of them has perhaps a somewhat injurious influence. We often hear people use the expression—"stuff a cold, and starve a fever;" and many think this plan should be literally adopted, and proceed to act accordingly. I never properly understood the sense of the proverb until one of my professional friends explained to me that there was an ellipsis in the sentence, and that it should be understood as a brief way of saying, "Stuff a cold, and you will have to starve a fever;" that is, if you do not refrain from generous living during a cold, ten to one you will set up a fever in which you will have to abstain altogether. This is certainly a more sensible reading of it. The next proverb is, "That twilight is the blind man's holiday." At first it would seem a ridiculous saying, because if want of light is to excuse us from work, a blind man must have a perpetual holiday.

The proverb no doubt relates to the well-known fact, that a man with a cataract can see better in the twilight. This is very easily explained; for in the softened light called twilight, the pupil of the eye expands, and as the diseased lens which intercepts the light is chiefly opaque in the centre, it follows that the rays of light are in some degree admitted when the pupil is fully dilated.

BONES BRITTLE IN WINTER.—Accidents frequently happen in winter-time from the slippery state of the roads; but there is a general belief that the bones are more brittle in winter than at another time. In frosty weather, it is a common remark made to domestics to be careful in cleaning the windows, as the glass is brittle; and this certainly is the case, and for an obvious reason. The outside of the window is exposed to the cold frosty air, whilst the inside is warmed by the heated air of the room; hence the two sides are expanded in different ratios, and a slight accident is sufficient to break the pane; just as hot water, put suddenly into a cold glass, may crack the vessel; especially if it be so thick that the heat is not readily transmitted through it. Well, then, probably the notion about the brittleness of the human bones in winter is derived from the fact I have mentioned; but the animal heat does not differ in cold weather, except indeed on the surface of the body. Nor would there otherwise be any analogy in the cases. That the bones of *old* people are more brittle than those of the young, is quite true; but this is of course altogether a different question.

OF THE LOCK-JAW.—Many people entertain a very singular idea of the complaint called lock jaw. It is, I think, often supposed that the disease consists alone in the forcible closure of the jaw, and that the patient, being unable to get sustenance, dies from inanition. Some of these people, who consider themselves a little more ingenious than their neighbors, will suggest to you the extraction of a tooth as a remedy, which, they think, may not have presented itself to others. In reality, the stiffened state of the muscles of the jaw is only a part of a general condition of spasm, the origin of which is ill understood, notwithstanding the great attention which has been devoted to the subject, and the ability which has been directed to it. The body is sometimes bent back like a bow in a most frightful manner, and the hands and feet dreadfully distorted. As the complaint first shows itself about the muscles of the jaw, it may have acquired the name from this circumstance.—Some non-professional people mistake dislocation of the jaw for lock-jaw. When the jaw is dislocated, it remains widely open, and the patient is unable to shut his mouth. One laughable case is related of a person singing very loudly at a concert, who suddenly became silent, and was found staring with his mouth wide open. At first people thought he was mad, but at length it was discovered that his jaw was dislocated.

RED FLANNEL.—The very name red flannel brings to me a thousand recollections of old women with mountains of bandages round their heads, or of swelled knees and joints carefully swathed like Egyptain mummies. It is really surprising to see the number of rolls which surround the heads of some of the aged and invalid poor. I have frequently endeavored to effect their removal or diminution, but I always found I was touching on a sore point; and though I succeeded in some cases, I could evidently see there would be a struggle to return to the old red flannel as soon as my attendance was discontinued.

But the red flannel is not used merely for warmth: it is looked upon as a sort of remedy in itself. In the same way as you would apply a blister, or an ointment, or lotion, so you use the red flannel. But though the red flannel is so generally confided in by the poor, in this, as in many other instances, I have in vain sought from any of its supporters to obtain any precise idea of its *modus operandi*. The efficacy of red flannel must then be conceded, I suppose, as an ultimate fact, which must be granted, and not reasoned upon.

It would be altogther profane to ask whether the virtue depends on the coarseness of its texture, or upon its color, or some properties imagined to reside in the dye. People do not say, shall I use coarse flannel? or shall I keep the part well wrapped up in many folds of flannel? but shall I use *red* flannel?

MUSSELS.—Mussels, it is well known, sometimes produce nettle-rash, and other unpleasant symptoms; so that it is common to say people are *mussled*. We often hear it stated that this depends upon a certain part of the mussel, and that when this part is taken out, there is no fear of bad effects arising. I cannot for my own part speak on this point, but I will simply quote what Dr. Paris states. "The mussel," says he, "is a species of bivalve, which is more solid, and equally as indigestible, as any animal of the same tribe. The common people consider them as poisonous, and in eating them, take out a part in which they suppose the poison principally to reside. This is a dark part, which is the heart, and is quite innocuous: the fact, however, is sufficient to prove that this species of bivalve has been known to kill, but not more frequently perhaps than any other indigestible substance.

INWARD FITS.—Nurses often speak of *inward* fits. When I first heard the phrase I was somewhat puzzled with it. There is something terrible in fits, but still more terrible in supposing that they are going on in the interior without any external manifestation. The truth is, these inward fits (*quasi fights*) are no more inward than any other fits, and scarcely to be dignified by the term fits. I conceive that the expression is applied to those little nervous twitchings which we occasionally see during sleep. An infant will have its mouth drawn up into a sort of smile, and the eyelids will be scarcely properly closed. The nurses will shake their heads, and tell the anxious parent that it is suffering from inward fits. I do not like the term, for I think it is calculated to produce a sort of alarm which is not always justified by the case.

STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Throughout the civilized world, the duration of human life has increased, and is steadily increasing with the advancement and diffusion of medical science.

In the city of Geneva, in the sixteenth century, 1 individual in 25 died annually. For the eighteenth century, 1 in 34; at the present time, 1 in 46. With us the mortality is greater. I estimate it at 1 in 40, the proportion of childhood being larger, and childhood being the period of the greatest mortality. In the British Navy, among adults, none of whom are very aged, the mortality is only about 1 in 100. Seventy years ago, the mortality in the British Navy was 1 in every 10 In 1808, 1 in 30; 1836, 13 8-10 among one thousand; a diminution to less than a seventh of the rate in 1770. In the American army, with a corps of medical officers not excelled by that of any other country, the mortality is little over 1 in 300 per annum. In London the mortality in the middle of the last century was 1 in 32. In the year 1838, the mortality was 1 in 36. I quote from the Annual Report of the Registrar General. Within the last twenty years the mortality of Russia has been 1 in 27; Prussia, 1 in 36; France, 1 in 39 07; Holland, 1 in 39; Belgium, 1 in 43 01; England 1 in 53 07; Sicily, 1 in 32; Greece, 1 in 30; Philadelphia, 1 in 42 03; Boston, 1 in 45; New York, 1 in 37 83; the immigrants have made our mortality greater than that of our sister cities; in other respects it has diminished with the advance of medical science. These statistical statements might be multiplied at great length; but enough have been given to show conclusively the prodigious extent to which human life has been lengthened with the advance and diffusion of medical science beyond its duration in former periods, and beyond its present duration in the less enlightened countries of Europe.—*Dr. Steven's Address*.

DEACON HUNT.—He was naturally a high tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over the heads, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 2, 14, 6, 19, is a River in Maine.
My 2, 5, 5, 17, 10, is a River in Vermont.
My 3, 10, 3, 18, 3, 9, 11, is a River in South America.
My 4, 17, 3, 6, 19 is a River in North Carolina.
My 5, 17, 4, 6, 9, 12, is a River in Louisiana.
My 6, 5, 9, 3, 4, 7, 14, 4, is a River in Virginia.
My 7, 3, 4, 18, 3, 10, 9, 18, 3, 10, is a River in South America.
My 8, 9, 1, 14, 10, 17, is a River in South America.
My 9, 10, 9, 18, 3, 9, 11, is a River in South America.
My 10, 19, 4, 6, 12, 17, 15, 9, 17, 10, is a County in New York.
My 11, 9, 7, 19, 12, is a County in New York.
My 12, 14, 8, 17, 10, 6, 19, 5, is a County in Maine.
My 13, 9, 5, 7, 9, 10, 9, 3, 18, 3, 12, is a County in New York.
My 14, 13, 19, 9, 4, 9, is a County in Michigan.
My 15, 9, 4, 13, 7, 12, 7, 17, 10, is a County in Virginia.
My 16, 9, 3, 10, 19, 4, 6, is a County in South Carolina.
My 17, 9, 10, 15, 11, is a County in Georgia.
My 18, 10, 9, 11, 6, 2, 4, is a County in Virginia.
My 19, 8, 9, 4, 3, 17, 15, is a County in Georgia.
My whole is an institution in Maryland.

W. S. B.

TWENTY-ONE RIDDLES.

1—Dean Swift often speaks of a queen whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

2—Call a kitchen maid by it, and still the same name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

3—A prophet of old had a mother whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

4—And of female recluses we know that the name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

5—When you speak to a lady, you'll find that the name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

6—When a child, you were dressed in a thing whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

7—Then, too, you were fed with something, whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

8—You may travel abroad in a carriage whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

9—You may pass over a flat piece of ground, whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

10—Where the lamb trots about by a creature whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

11—You may go out and walk at an hour whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

12—Or may ride at a subsequent hour whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

13—If you hear a gun, you'll hear something whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

14—And your dog may hunt well, though no longer his name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

15—Your bird, too, may sicken on something whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

16—You may quaff a strong drink, make of wheat, whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

17—Or stare at a giant whose dwarfish name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

18—But this you can't do with a thing whose name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

19—If you write in defence of sound doctrine, its name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

20—Do but take a sly look, and of this, too, its name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

21—Ay, whatever is done, believe me, its name,
Read backward or forward, is always the same.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.
ABSTAIN FROM ALL EVIL.

ANSWER TO ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
The weights are 1, 3, 9, 27, 81.

ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM.
Length of the requested triangle 8 perches.
Breadth do. do. do. 6 do.

D. D.

Selected Sketch.

BEARD OR NO BEARD.

[We take the following article from the "Mountain Banner," published at Rutherfordton, North Carolina. It is one of the best arguments for beards we have seen lately—though we do not own up to being convinced yet.—EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

"For shame, Cousin Charles, do cut off that abominable moustache, and those horrible looking whiskers. You look like a lineal descendant of Esau himself, and the heir of all his hair."

"Ask anything else, sweet one, and I will consider your request a commandment as sacred as the divine ten—indeed it shall be annexed to them, and form an eleventh, and all shall be regarded by me *nullo discrimine*."

"And that means that you will pay no attention to any of them," said the young girl, laughing.

"No, no, coz: don't be too severe now until you know me better. I learned my catechism when I was a little boy, and have not forgotten it yet; neither have I lived unmindful of its teachings; and many things that seem wrong or odd in this world admit of being explained, so that one may often justify conduct that appears strange."

"Then why not cut off your beard at my command? Let me see if you can satisfactorily explain that."

"If you are really convinced will you acknowledge it?" asked Charles Baily."

"To be sure I will," was the reply of Flora Trevale.

"First and foremost, then," said Charles, "I have joined the Anti-Razor Society."

"The what?" exclaimed Flora, stretching her eyes, and curling her pretty lip, sneeringly.

"Don't look so astonished, coz," said Charles, "I said the Anti Razor Society, a new and flourishing association, just established at our village."

"Heaven protect us!" ejaculated the maiden. "Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and a thousand and seven other associations, and last and *least* (I guess) the Anti-Razor Society! Whew! what next."

"Softly, my fair cousin," said Charles.—"Instead of being the *least* among your thousand and seven associations, the Anti-Razor Society is undoubtedly the *greatest*, and destined to benefit mankind more than all the rest. Other associations may be good, but they are formed only to alleviate human suffering—the Anti-Razor Society is to prevent them. You don't understand our motives, our object."

"Don't I?—but I reckon I do," said Flora, pettishly. "You want to be odd and eccentric—to obtain notoriety."

"Far from it, coz; and of all beings in the world the ladies ought to be the greatest friends to the Anti-Razorites; and you, in particular, ought to be the most gratified that I am one of them."

"Why so, my young philosopher?"

"Be patient, sweet coz, and I will explain all to you. Here is a new work on Physiognomy, by one Mr. Redfield, a gentleman who has given the subject much attention for many years; so that whatever he says may be considered as incontrovertible. Let me read you one short extract:—'The particular faculties of love, which are generally strongest in man, cause a growth of hair upon the chin.—These are, Desire to be Loved, Violent Love, Fond Love, and Faithful Love.' Hence you see, that as Sampson's strength lay in his hair, so man's faculties of Love lie in his beard: consequently, every time he shaves, or cuts off his beard by any means, he weakens his power of Love, and blunts his perception of the bright and beautiful, until, after a long course of shaving he becomes utterly incapable of Love, and can no longer appreciate the charms that beget Love. All the ethereal portion of his nature is gone, shaved away, and the mere animal instinct and propensities are all that is left. The wife of his bosom, whom he once truly loved, when he was capable of love, before he had deadened all his powers of love by continued shaving, is now considered only as his slave. In his mind, or rather in his animal perceptions, she has fallen from the proud height of a friend and companion, has lost her equality with him, and is treated only as a menial. Thus you see that much, if not all, the domestic bickerings of families, the harsh treatment and sufferings of woman, and the miseries of married life, arise from the custom of man's shaving,—a custom, no doubt, introduced by the devil, for the purpose of embittering life, and setting friends at variance, and winning subjects, wherewith to people his dark and wide extended regions.—These, you will understand, are only a part of his motives; I will revert to others presently. I hope you are now convinced, that so far as the ladies are concerned, the practice of man's shaving is deplorable in its consequences to the utmost degree. Therefore all ladies should set their faces sternly against shaving."

"Well, really," replied Flora, "I am glad you got out of breath at last. You were most unconsciously long-winded, and I began to think you never would cease. Allow me now to tell you that I think your Mr. Redfield is a decidedly *Greenfield*: and that you have made an exhibition of verdancy sufficient to satisfy a mind much more exacting than mine."

"You are sarcastic, coz," returned Charles, "and I have no doubt but that if I were forty or fifty years old, and had been in the habit of shaving all my life, my love for you would in this time have become so nearly exhausted, that I should fall out and quarrel with you;—but with my long and luxuriant beard, nursing and nourishing my affection for you, you perceive my feelings are not in the least ruffled."

"Neither is your shirt bosom," said the mischievous girl, laughing, for she was in fact a sweet tempered maiden, and could not harbor anger in her sympathising heart—especially towards Charles Trevale, who, although her cousin, was also her betrothed, though she had not seen him for several months previous to the time of this conversation. He had been brought up at a distance from her, and some twelve months before had seen her for the first time, when visiting at her father's house. His heart had been smitten more deeply than he was conscious of until he left her, he found his thoughts forever wandering away to her, and in the promised correspondence began to speak of Love. His suit was not unwelcome to her, and ere many months passed they were affianced lovers. He had now visited her for the purpose of marrying her, and taking her with him to his village home afar off among the lofty mountains.

Reader, pardon us for this interruption in the conversation of the two lovers, and thank us also, for you must be gratified to know the relation in which they stood to each other, and also something of their respective histories.—We proceed.

Charles smiled blandly to see the gay countenance of his cousin, and resumed:

"You are witty, coz; and as I cannot convince you by the arguments so far advanced, and on a point, too, in which I thought you would be most deeply interested; I must resort to others in which I have at least *prima facie* evidence to sustain me. The matters I shall speak of are facts which you cannot deny: you may differ with me as to the *cause*; but until you can find a better you have no right to dispute that which I allege. In the first place, I must propound a few questions to you, to all which you can give but one answer.—First then:

"Are not the lives of men much shorter than they were in ancient times?"

"Yes."

"Are there not a vast many more diseases now in the world, and much greater suffering, than there were in the days of the patriarchs?"

"I presume there are."

"Is not the physical strength of mankind much less than it was of old?"

"Yes: it must be much less than it was even in the palmy days of Rome, when each soldier carried a knapsack which, with its contents, weighed about sixty pounds, besides his arms."

"Have we now any such exhibitions of the strength and endurance of Love as that afforded by Jacob, who served fourteen years for Rachel?"

"None that ever came under my observation."

"Did not the ancients permit their beards to grow without restraint?"

"Oh! now I see the drift of your argument—"

"But answer my question, yes or no."

"Yes, then. Go on."

"Do you know of any other so universal custom practiced by the moderns that was unknown to the ancients as that of shaving?"

"Well, let me reflect a moment."

"As long as you choose."

Flora considers for some time, and answers:

"I believe I cannot think of any."

"And now I have you," says Charles, exultingly. "If the lives of men are now shorter than they were of old; if there are more diseases and suffering now in the world than there were in the days of the patriarchs; if the physical strength of mankind is less than it was even in the times of Cæsar and Alexander; if the power of Love was stronger in the days of Jacob than now; if the ancients did not practice a custom which is now almost universal, is it not reasonable to suppose, nay, is it not conclusive evidence, that all these changes have been wrought by the adoption of this custom?"

"Well, dear Charles, as the saying is, you have wound me up. You may wear your beard, and I hope you may find both your love and strength increased, and your life prolonged by it."

"But I have not yet enumerated all the evils of shaving," replied Charles, "nor perhaps the most deplorable ones. It has had a demoralising influence on the mind. A man becomes so accustomed to shaving himself, that he cannot rest without trying to shave others also.—Consequently he begins to cheat and defraud, and to be successful he must lie also. Vice begets vice, and from cheating and lying he proceeds to stealing, highway robbery and murder, and all the catalogue of crimes for the prevention and punishment of which laws are made, judges salaried and lawyers feed.—Banish shaving and you banish crime, render perplexed and uncertain laws useless, and restore the purity of primitive times, as well as the strength and longevity of men in those days."

"There are also other considerations, most of which are embodied in the Preamble and Resolutions adopted at the formation of our Society, and a copy of which I now have and will read to you:

PREAMBLE.—Whereas the beard of man was given him by nature to be a pride and an ornament, and a covering to his face which does not conveniently admit of any other protection from the piercing cold of winter and the scorching heat of summer; and whereas the operation of shaving is of itself a disagreeable and disgusting performance, subjecting the subject not only to a loss of time which might be devoted to the improvement of the mind, but also to the imminent danger of having sundry cuts and gashes inflicted upon his chin, cheeks, lips and throat, thereby marring "the human face divine;" and is, moreover, an act unfit to be performed in the presence of ladies, and, furthermore, tends to the damage of the skin, and the diminishing of the natural beauty of the countenance; and whereas there are now so many mean, good-for-nothing razors that shaving frequently causes no small degree of pain, and is attended with such grimaces and contortions of the features that one subjects himself to be laughed at and ridiculed by those seeing him suffer, but not sympathizing with his misery: and whereas we have the example of eminent men and aged patriarchs in ancient times, (before the pure, simple, and upright minds of men had become corrupted and capable of inventing the wicked unnatural, and troublesome custom of shaving) who permitted their beard to grow in all the manly luxuriance of unrestrained nature, thus preserving the soundness and comeliness of the skin; and whereas we may reasonably calculate upon the influence of the fair sex in our behalf, considering them, as we do, wholly incapable of the hypocrisy of preaching to us what they do not practice themselves; therefore be it resolved:

1. That we consider the now prevalent custom of shaving a *barber-ous* practice, contrary to nature, and a wicked device of the devil.

2. That shaving is a great bore, one of the pernicious practices of modern refinement, and a habit unworthy the *countenance* of a free and enlightened people.

3d. That it tends to the effeminancy of both the mind and the body, and to the destruction of physical beauty.

4th. That it renders man incapable of loving with the ardor and tenderness which is due to the angelic beauty and mental accomplishments of the female sex.

5th. That we verily believe the degeneracy of mankind, whereby his strength has been diminished, his moral and mental powers enervated, and the duration of his life so fearfully shortened, is principally attributable to the unnatural habit of shaving.

6th. That we will not shave nor suffer ourselves to be shaved, but will permit our natural beards to grow as a defence against excessive heat and cold, and that we may retain and preserve that comeliness of countenance with which we have been blest, hoping thereby to increase our mental, moral, and physical powers, and to live beyond the period usually allotted to our shaving fellow men, and to escape the charge of having committed a heinous crime against nature in thwarting her innumerable attempts to furnish us with a shield for the protection of our faces, and to love, cherish and defend our wives and sweethearts with ardor approaching nearer to their deserts.

"I yield—no more!" cried Flora. "I shall forever hereafter abominate a smooth faced man."

Charles was satisfied and proceeded no farther. He was married a short time afterwards, and took his lovely bride away to gladden his mountain home.

(To the Ladies of these United States the foregoing is respectfully dedicated by one who has suffered from the miseries inflicted by razors, hoping they will influence their husbands and lovers to dispense with the vile and degrading habit of shaving.)

Miscellaneous.

BURKE AND SHERIDAN.

It is well known that the celebrated Edmund Burke, on his first debut in life, improved himself not a little under the banners and patronage of the opposition; for which purpose he was a constant frequenter of the various debates and disputations held at the house of one Seacocke, a baker, who, notwithstanding his situation in life, was gifted with such a vein of eloquence, that he was unanimously constituted perpetual president of the famous disputing society held at the Robin Hood, near Temple Bar. On a certain memorable occasion, in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke exclaiming, "I quit the camp," suddenly left the opposite benches, and, going over to the Treasury side of the House, thundered a violent philippic against his former friends and associates. Mr. Sheridan concluded a spirited reply to that unlooked-for attack, nearly in the following words: "That gentleman, to use his own expression, has quitted the camp; but he will recollect that he has quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope that he will never return to it as a spy. But I, for one," he continued, "cannot sympathize in the astonishment with which so flagrant an act of apostacy has electrified the House, for neither I nor that gentleman have forgotten from whom he has borrowed those weapons which he now uses against us. So far, therefore, from that gentleman's present tergiversation being a cause of wonder, I consider it not only characteristic, but consistent; for it is but natural that he, who on his first starting in life should commit so gross a blunder as to go to a *baker's for his eloquence*, should conclude such a career by coming to the *House of Commons for his bread*!"

INTEMPERANCE.—Mr. Potter, of Yale College, in a temperance address, lately at New Haven, says:

"My heart bleeds as I remember the fate of three of my early companions, who started in life with myself. One of them possessed one of the finest mathematical minds I ever knew. He would take the ledger, and go up with three columns at a time with perfect ease. He was the first man in America that beat the Automaton Chess Player, and he told me that he had every move in his head before he entered the room. That man fills a drunkard's grave. Another, who was an excellent accountant, and could command almost any salary, met the same melancholy fate. Another, possessing the same brilliant capacities, has gone down—not to the grave, perhaps, but he has sunk clear out of sight, amid the mire and filth of intemperance."

JEWISH CUSTOMS.—Among the inquiries addressed to Major Noah, we find the following, together with his answer:

"Was it ever the practice of the Jewish law to make malefactors drunk before execution? No. But they gave the condemned a cup of wine, in which there was frankincense to render him insensible to pain; and the compassionate ladies of Jerusalem provided this draught at their own expense. The custom is founded on the Proverbs of Solomon, chap. 13, 6th verse: 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to those that be of heavy heart.'"

Agricultural.

LARGE AND SMALL FRUIT.

The value which is placed on large size alone, has contributed in a great degree, to introduce poor fruits into cultivation. Where would have been the Monstrous Pippin or the Gloria Mundi (glory of the world) if it had been no larger than the Rose Nonpariel or Bullock's Pippin? Such "heavy orbs" as the Alexander, the Twenty Ounce, and Pound Sweeting, although not to be compared in quality to many others, have been suffered to eclipse them, until cultivators had their sight thoroughly satiated by gazing at the monsters, and the palate remained yet to be consulted.

There is less excuse for retaining such large sorts, because beyond a certain size for an apple, weight becomes an evil, by adding to the liability to bruise. For this reason, it is not desirable to have larger than the Gravenstein, Swaar, and Esopus Spitzenburgh, when well grown. Much smaller sorts, on the other hand, although they may be of high flavor, are less convenient in gathering, and have hardly space enough for a good mass of pulp between the skin and the core. Hence the value of Bullock's Pippin, and English Golden Pippin became greatly diminished; and even the Pomme Grise and English Russet, are less prized for falling a little below the standard of magnitude. Early apples, softer and more easily bruised, may be less in size than keepers; for which reason, the small figure of the Early Joe and Garden Royal should not be regarded as so serious an objection as with winter fruit.

With small fruits, as the cherry and strawberry, it is more important to secure large size. If it requires as much time to pick a peck of one of these, as a cartload of apples and peaches, doubling the bulk becomes a point of great convenience.

We have often thought that a classification of a few prominent varieties, according to their leading qualities of recommendation, would be interesting as well as useful:—

Fruits remarkable CHIEFLY *for large size*:—Monstrous Pippin, Pound Sweeting, Alexander and Kentish Filbasket apples; Belle et Bonne, Colmar d'Aremberg, Dunmore, and Cumberland pears; the Yellow Egg, Diamond, and Duane's Purple plums; and Methven and Wilmot's Superb strawberries.

For remarkable beauty alone:—Cranberry Pippin and Beauty of Kent apples; and Belle de Bruxelles, Columbia, Summer Belle, Jalousie and Forelle pears.

For fine flavor, but deficient in size:—Early Joe, Rose Nonpariel, Bullock's Pippin, (when well ripened,) Garden Royal, Golden Pippin, and Sam Young apples; Seckel, Eyewood, and Rostiezer pears; Green Gage and Frost Gage plums; and Duke of Kent strawberry.

Fruits of good quality, whose reputation has been assisted by fine or handsome appearance:—Dutch Mignonne, Red Astrachan, Williams' Favorite, Maiden's Blush, St. Lawrence, and Lady apples; Golden Beurre, Bartlett, and Vicar of Winkfield pears; Coeledge's Favorite and Crawford's Early peaches; Washington and Cruger's Scarlet plums; Napoleon Bigarreau and Graffion cherries; and Hovey's Seedling strawberry.

Cherries arranged in order of their SIZE:—Napoleon Bigarreau, Black Tartarian (when not overloaded,) Graffion or Bigarreau, Large White Bigarreau, Holland Bigarreau, Knight's Early Black and Belle Magnifique, Large English Morello, Black Eagle, Carnation, Florence, Elkhorn, Early Purple, Guigne and American Heart, Sparhawk's Honey, Gridley and Belle de Choisey, Downer and Madison Bigarreau, and May Bigarreau.—*Albany Cultivator*.

BREAKING ROCKS BY FIRE.

Mount Airy Agricultural Institute, Pennsylvania, February, 1849.

EDITORS CULTIVATOR.—While perusing the February No. of The Cultivator, I observed a statement from one of your correspondents in regard to the manner in which he cleared his land of stones. His mode was to excavate a large hole upon one side of the boulder, and partially under the rock which he wished to remove, and then roll it in. I think the process might well be replaced by one which is much more economical. Your correspondent observes that it is very hard to drill some "hard-head" rocks; an assertion which I truly confirm, having been engaged in the business myself, for weeks in succession, upon my father's farm, in Lewis County, N. York.

In 1843, we were clearing a piece of ground of stone by the aid of the drill and powder; one very cold day a fire was built upon a rock, which was, perhaps, four feet in diameter, near the wall where we are at work. By means of the heat there were large scales loosened on the top of the rock, which were taken off with a crow bar, and used for filling up the centre of the wall.

Subsequent to this, a fire was built upon the same rock, and sometime after, the scales being removed, it was ascertained that the rock was broken through in two different directions, dividing it into four nearly equal parts.

The quarters being left with face sides, fitted them admirably for laying into wall. From this time henceforth, the drill was dispensed with. Experiment showed that one man could carry a sufficient quantity of wood to break any rock, which a farmer might be desirous of removing from his fields. Another great advantage was, that wood of little value, such as old pieces of rails, stumps, and the like might be used with advantage and economy.

There is one point which must not be neglected, if success is expected; that is, to keep the rock clear of shells while heating. To do this with facility, the tools required are a sharp iron crow-bar and a pair of large tongs. As soon as any shells are found to have started up, the fire should be removed with the tongs, and the scales carefully taken off with the bar. This is the only secret in the process. The object is, that the heat may be applied directly to the solid rock. The fire should then be replaced with the tongs, and so on until the stone is broken. Throwing on cold water is superfluous.

One man can attend twenty of the fires, or one man can perform as much work in this as ten will with drills. The beauty of the process is, that it is performed comparatively without danger or expense.

DENNIS JOHNSON.

We have seen rocks broken by the process above described, and we endorse what our correspondent says in regard to it.—*Editors of the Albany Cultivator*.

The Olio.

CHIVALRY.—In the year 1369, John the Second, Duke de Bourbon, instituted an order of chivalry. One of the statutes of it is curious, and shows the high opinion he entertained of the influence of the female sex upon the virtue and happiness of mankind. According to this statute, the knights were obliged to pay due respect to all ladies, both married and unmarried, and never to suffer anything derogatory to their reputation to be said in their presence; "for," adds the statute, "those who speak ill of women have very little honor, and (to their disgrace be it mentioned) say of that sex—which cannot revenge itself—what they would not dare to say of a man; for, from women—after God—arises a great part of the honor that there is in the world."

COUGHING.—It is injurious to cough leaning forward, as it serves to compress the lungs and makes the irritation greater. Persons prone to the enjoyment should keep the neck straight and throw out the chest. By these means the lungs expand, and the windpipe is kept free and clear. There is an art in every thing, and the art of coughing is perhaps as important in its way as any other.

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—When John, Duke of Anjou, advanced towards Naples, with a large army, to invade that city, he placed upon his colors the words of the Evangelist, "A man was sent whose name was John."

Alphonzo, of Arragon, who defended the city, answered him by a similar device—"He came, and they received him not."

GOOD NIGHT, LOVE.

BY MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

Good night, love!
May Heaven's bright stars watch o'er thee!
Good angels spread their wings and cover thee!
And through the night
So dark and still,
Spirits of light
Charm thee from ill!
My heart is hovering round thy dwelling-place;
Good night, dear love! God bless thee with His grace!
Good night, love!
Soft lullabies the night-wind sing to thee!
And on its wings sweet odors bring to thee!
And in thy dreaming,
May all things dear,
With gentle seeming,
Come smiling near!
My knees are bowed, my hands are clasped in prayer!
Good night, dear love! God keep thee in His care!

THE MERINO BUBBLE.

The merino sheep speculation was one of the most extraordinary bubbles that ever was known in America. It had its origin, in the year 1815, soon after the Treaty of Ghent; and, at a time when thousands of our people were actually under the influence of a manufacturing mania.

In the summer of that year, a gentleman of Boston imported some half dozen sheep, from one of the southern provinces of Spain, whose fleeces were of the finest texture, as it was said, and such undoubtedly was the fact, though the sheep were so thoroughly and completely embedded in tar, and every other offensive article, that it would have been very difficult to prove it. But the very offensive appearance of the sheep seemed to imbue them with a mysterious value, that rendered them doubly attractive. It was said that the introduction of these sheep to the United States, would enable our manufactories, then in their infancy, to produce broadcloths, and other woollen fabrics, of a texture that would compete with England and Europe.

The first merino sheep sold, if I recollect right, for fifty dollars the head. They cost a dollar in Andalusia! The speculation was too profitable to stop here; and, before a long period had elapsed, a small fleet sailed on a sheep speculation to the Mediterranean.

By the end of the year 1816, there probably were one thousand merino sheep in the Union, and, they had advanced to twelve hundred dollars the head.

Before the autumn of that year had passed away, they sold for fifteen hundred dollars the head;—a lusty and good-looking buck was worth two thousand!

In New England, in the year 1817, the speculation, in consequence of the surplus importation, began to decline; but, it steadily and rapidly advanced throughout the Western country.

In the month of August, 1817, I saw a merino buck and ewe sold for eight thousand dollars; and even that was deemed a very small price for the animals. They were purchased by a Mr. Samuel Long, a house-builder and contractor, who fancied he had, by the transaction, secured an immense fortune.

This Mr. Long was actually rabid with the merino fever; and, in proof of it, it is only necessary to relate a single anecdote. There resided in Lexington—and not more than a mile distant from Mr. Clay's villa of Ashland—a wealthy gentleman, named Samuel Trotter, who was, in fact, the money-king of Kentucky, and who, to a very great extent controlled the Branch of the Bank of the United States. He had two sheep, a buck and an ewe, and Long was very anxious to possess them.

Long often bantered Trotter for the sheep, without success; but, one day, the latter said to the former, "If you will build me such a house, on a certain lot of land, as I shall describe, you shall have the merinos."

"Draw your plans," said Long, "and let me see them." The thing was done; and Long eagerly engaged in the enterprise. He built for Trotter a four story brick house, about fifty feet by seventy, on the middle of an acre of land; finished it in the most approved modern style, and enclosed it with a costly fence, and handed over to Trotter for the two merino sheep! The establishment must have cost fifteen thousand dollars.

Months before the establishment was completed, the price of merinos declined gradually; and, six months had not passed away, before they would not command twenty dollars!

Mr Long held on to them, till they had reached the par value of any other sheep, when he killed them, made a barbacue, called all his friends to the feast; and, whilst the "goblet went its giddy rounds," like the ruined Venitian, he thanked God that he was not worth a ducat! He was ruined; and, soon after died of a broken heart.—*N. Y. Atlas*.

☞ It is decreed in the London and Paris courts of fashion, that Mousselines de Laine dresses shall be made without flounces.

Advertisements.

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, ASTHMA, and all affections arising from derangement or disease of the Biliary, Digestive, Vascular, Respiratory and Nervous Systems, such as constipation, inward piles, heartburn, loss of appetite, coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, swimming of the head, fullness or weight on the stomach, dimness of vision, palpitation of the heart, choking or suffocating sensation, depression of spirits, sudden flushes of heat, pain in the side or back, weakness of the limbs, cold feet, constant imaginings of evil, fever and chill, pain in the head, pain and difficulty of breathing when lying upon the side, frightful dreams, sour eructations, yellowness of the skin and eyes, deficiency of perspiration, &c.
can be effectually cured by
DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity—from disorder or obstruction a morbid action of the sympathetic and other nerves follows, and the functions of the brain are impaired and deranged; derangement there will also produce disease of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*. It is owing to the same cause that thousands die with *Cholera, Bilious or Yellow Fever*, and that most baneful disease, *Consumption*.

THE LIVER.—Its office is to secrete bile, and to separate all impurities from the blood. Then how necessary for the health is the proper performance of this function; if diseased, it cannot purify the blood,—which, if sent to the lungs, brain, and other parts of the system in a morbid condition, will cause *Jaundice, Insanity, Consumption, &c., &c.*,—and by withholding the stimulus from the intestines, produce *Dyspepsia, Piles*, and many other complaints.

THE STOMACH is an important organ in the economy, as upon it you depend for the success and all the advantages to be derived from the administration of internal medicines. Its functions are of the utmost importance to every one, as it constitutes the source and fountain of life, which is—nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

These Bitters are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and free from ALCOHOLIC STIMULANT, SYRUP, ACIDS, AND ALL MINERAL and injurious ingredients, and will in every case PERMANENTLY DESTROY COSTIVENESS, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient, being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN
Are made strong by using them. In fact, they are a family medicine, and can be administered with safety to a child one year old, the most delicate female, or a man of eighty.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
The Spirit of the Times, of June 24th, says:—"Do our good citizens, who are invalids, know the many astonishing cures that have been performed by Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters? If they do not, we recommend them to the German Medicine Store, 278 Race street; all who are afflicted with Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, or Nervous Debility; the Doctor has cured many of our citizens, after the best physicians had failed. We have used them, and they have proved to be a medicine that every one should know of, and we cannot refrain giving our testimony in their favor, and that which gives them greater claim upon our humble effort, they are entirely vegetable."

The Philadelphia Democrat, of June 23rd, says:—"We would call the attention of the public, particularly the indisposed, to Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters. They can be had at 278 Race street. This medicine has an extraordinary virtue and efficacy, and is in great demand. We can speak from experience, that it has produced many wonderful cures."

The Daily Sun says:—"It is one of the best medicines of the age for Jaundice and Liver Complaint."

The Daily News says:—"For diseases of the Biliary, Digestive and Nervous System—it has not, we think, an equal."

Neal's Gazette says:—"Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters we know to be an excellent article, fulfilling in every respect what is claimed for it by the advertiser."

For Sale Wholesale and Retail at the principal depot
GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above EIGHTH, Philadelphia, and by JOHN F. LONG, Lancaster.—D. W. GROSS, Harrisburg.—WM. THORN, Pittsburg.—JNO. KITTER & Co., Reading.—J. H. EUSTACE & Son, Richmond, Va.,—and by respectable dealers in every town in the United States. my 6-1y

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.
Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y
N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.